HARPER'S WEEKLY

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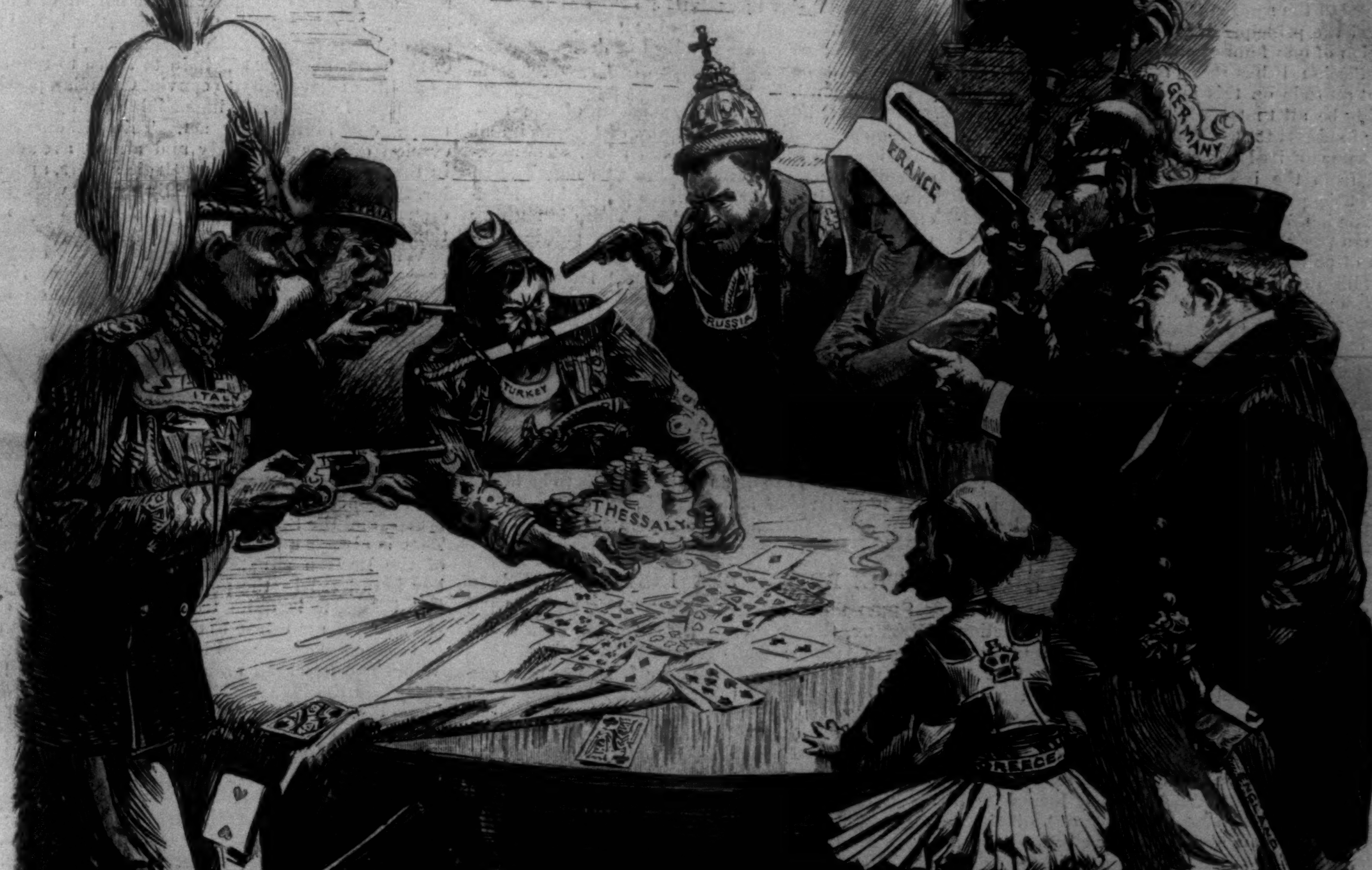
ITALY
STRIA
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THESSALY
GREECE
ENGLAND
W. A. Rogers.

THE TURK AND THE CHRISTIANS.

THE STAKE DOES NOT ALWAYS GO TO THE WINNER.

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A PROMISING POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

It is so many years since the country has witnessed a thoroughly healthful and wholesome political movement that it has assumed a somewhat cynical attitude towards the efforts of men of principle to establish and maintain organizations of principle. It has ceased to believe that such efforts can be successful. Since the establishment and successful achievement of the Republican party, no party organization has been dedicated to a well-defined and distinctive principle until the National Democratic party was formed last year at Indianapolis, and whether that is to be a living and healthful organization is a question for the future to determine.

During the more than thirty-two years that have elapsed since the close of the war of the rebellion we have seen a constant struggle for the spoils and nothing but the spoils. The Republican party represented the principle of protection, and, with the exception of one famous and dangerous slide towards inflation, it has stood for sound money. Its present attitude on this important question would probably be all that could be wished for if a lingering fondness for the greenback that is manifested by some of its leaders should be entirely eliminated from the influences that control it. The Democratic party, on the other hand, during all this time has been merely the opponent of the Republican party, often content to resort to that most inane of political devices called "beating the enemy at his own game." Therefore, at the time when the Democratic party might have stood for sound money, under the leadership of Mr. Bayard, there were enough greenbackers and silver men on the Senate Finance Committee, who followed the lead of Voorhees and Coke, to carry through a silver report, which Mr. Bayard, as chairman of the committee, refused to present to the Senate. Again, when on two occasions the party's promise to reduce tariff taxation might have been carried out, Democratic protectionists, on one occasion in the House, under the lead of Mr. Randall, and on another occasion in the Senate, under the lead of the Sugar Trust Senators, compelled the violation of Democratic promises and the continued triumph of the Republican tariff principle. It is true that three successive Democratic national conventions nominated Mr. Cleveland, and that their action was determined by a sound public sentiment demanding the nomination because Mr. Cleveland represented good government. But the party itself was not moved by this virtuous consideration. Its leaders accepted Mr. Cleveland because, for the moment, they were wise enough to consider virtue the best policy. As soon as their appeal to virtue was successful, they turned upon Mr. Cleveland and rent him because he insisted on being true to his and their ante-election professions and promises.

Looking over this dreary waste of years, it may be said that at most of the elections that have occurred within the period the chief merit of the victorious party has been that it opposed the other. In all this period there have been members of both parties eager for something better than either party, and especially desirous of a state of politics and of parties that would substitute for the greedy grab for spoils the discussion of political principles, and in place of special legislation in aid of private enterprises measures for the general welfare.

The capture of the Democratic organization by the silver element and the communists, the Bryans, the Altgelds, and the Tillmans, was a logical consequence of the purposeless drift of the party, and of the shifty efforts of its leaders to take advantage of occasional favoring currents. Now that the old organization is in the hands of the silver men, the socialists, and the enemies of society, we seem likely to gain out of the wreckage a party that will mean something definite and determinable. The Indianapolis platform is a model of its kind. It furnishes a body of fundamental doctrines by which most issues that are likely to arise in this country can be measured. It means, at least, that all who subscribe to it are opposed to socialism in all its varied forms—to the socialism of wealth as well as to the socialism of poverty.

Without regard, however, to the merits of that platform, it is well for the whole country if we are at last to have a wholesome political movement. The Indianapolis organization was effected for a particular purpose, but happily those who were engaged in it have not been able to stay their hand. They have discovered that there is no abiding-place for them in either of the old organizations. They are not Republicans, because they are not protectionists, and they cannot return to their old party organization, because that remains in the control of those who, in the opinion of the National Democrats, are more dangerous enemies of the welfare of the country than the Republicans themselves. The men who control the Democratic party, too, are secure in their power, and, on the whole, it is best for the country that the factions that followed Bryan shall stand by themselves, and thus relieve the other organizations of the necessity of considering them, and of the temptation to yield even in the slightest degree to their heresies. So active and energetic do the Bryanites remain that their Democratic opponents in Ohio, Iowa, Michigan, and Kentucky at last apparently recognize the folly of further contesting with them for the control of the old organization. Therefore a new Democratic party seems to be springing into life on the foundations laid in Indianapolis, and if the movement be carried on wisely and courageously, there can be no doubt that it will eventually attain to a vigorous life, taking its support liberally from both of the old organizations; for the number of Republicans who are willing to march under the Indianapolis banner is becoming larger year by year and month by month.

It is not, however, as a partisan of the new movement that the Weekly now commends it and hails it as an augury of coming good. The presence of such an organization as this may be, and as we hope it will be, will have a healthful influence on the Republican party. There is nothing that so surely compels virtue in a political organization as virtuous competition. The Republican party has suffered grievously from the contemptible character of the opposition which it has encountered for the last thirty years. If the movement inaugurated at Indianapolis, and now revived in the Middle West, fulfils its promise, the Republican party must meet it on even terms or go to the wall. If it meet it on even terms, as it probably will, so much the better for the Republican party and for the country. The organization and revival of the National Democratic movement means probably the doom of Bryanism. It is to be hoped that it will mean more—that eventually it will mean the regeneration of our politics.

THE BERING SEA INSTRUCTIONS.

Since the appearance of the last issue of the Weekly, Secretary Sherman's letter of instructions to Ambassador Hay on the seal question has been made public. The paper is naturally a vigorous expression of the views of this country on the conduct of Great Britain under the Paris award, for the simple reason that that conduct amounts at least to an evasion by the British government of the duties imposed by the tribunal upon both parties to the arbitration. Under the circumstances, as already explained by the Weekly, the government of the United States would be contemptible if it did not resent the failure of Great Britain to abide by the decision of the court to which it voluntarily submitted its case.

Two experts—Dr. Jordan for the United States and Professor Thompson for England—have reported as to the condition of the seal herds, and as to the effect upon them of pelagic sealing. Dr. Jordan shows that the seal herd is rapidly diminishing in consequence of pelagic sealing, which, in his opinion, is "the sole obstacle to their [the seal herds] restoration, and the sole limit to their indefinite increase." Professor Thompson doubts if the herds have been as greatly injured by the sealers as Dr. Jordan asserts, but he is forced to admit that damage has been done, and that there is "abundant need for care and for prudent measures of conservation in the interests of all." It appears, however, from the statistics of the seal-fisheries, that Dr. Jordan is doubtless right; for in 1896 the pelagic sealers, although twice as many vessels were employed as in 1894, were unable to catch as many seals as were taken in the earlier year. As is admitted on both sides of the water, pelagic sealing, during last year at least, was unprofitable on account of the diminution of the seal herd.

The main point of the contention between the two countries is as to Great Britain's refusal of adequate assistance for the preservation of seal life. The Paris award prescribed such assistance as her duty. Her own expert, although evidently laboring to belittle the conclusions reached by Dr. Jordan, tells Lord Salisbury that there is "abundant need for care and for prudent measures of conservation." He also intimates that pelagic sealing has already worked great injury, and that the "margin of safety is a narrow one, if it be not already in some measure overstepped." But in the face of this report Lord Salisbury still declines to agree to "prudent measures of conservation," or to take any steps for making effectual the award of the Paris tribunal.

The attitude of Great Britain has left the seas open to Canadian pelagic sealers. Sealers from this country are searched, and their fire-arms are sealed up. Great Britain refuses to permit the sealing up of the fire-arms of Canadian sealers, and declines to make their possession *prima facie* evidence of their illegal employment, although, by her own statute of 1891, now repealed, she admitted that such a rule of evidence was essential. Besides her continued refusal to make the joint regulations without which the rules of the Paris tribunal cannot be carried out, she has not effectively or properly patrolled the seas. In 1894 the British government furnished only one patrol vessel, while the United States furnished twelve vessels. In 1895 there were five United States vessels, and two British vessels. One of the latter was in Bering Sea for a short time only, while the other remained almost constantly in the harbor of Unalashka. In other words, there is practically no patrol of the seas by British vessels, and, by reason of the refusal of Great Britain to agree to regulations, little opportunity to convict Canadian poachers, unless in the nearly impossible contingency of taking one in the very act. This dishonorable evasion of duty is directly and almost avowedly in the interest of Canadian pelagic sealers, and, as Mr. Sherman says, it eventually must "work the destruction of a great interest of a friendly nation."

Whatever may be the outcome of the controversy, it is well that our case has been stated fully and frankly, and that our just indignation has been manifested to the British government. It will be well, too, to ascertain definitely if, after learning the feeling of this government, the British government still persists in its unfriendly attitude, thereby working a great injury to the cause of international arbitration.

THE TURK AND EUROPE.

The concert of Europe has given the Sultan its orders, and the Sultan will reluctantly obey them. That is always a peculiarity in the existing phase of the Eastern situation. Generally when Turkey is ordered by the powers to do certain specified things, it is quite true that she does them, but she does not refuse to do them. She has shuffled and equivocated and told downright untruths. When she has been brought to account, she has explained the insuperable nature of the obstacles to her doing what she had been told to do and had promised to do, and has pretended to be tremendously hard at work in removing those obstacles. Meanwhile the work of massacre and rapine went steadily and merrily on.

Now it is not so easy to lie about the presence of Turkish troops in a certain territory, or about what they are doing there. When the powers order the Sultan to evacuate Thessaly, he cannot pretend to have evacuated it when he has not done so in fact. Any officer or correspondent can ascertain and report whether or not the troops are still there, and there can be no gainsaying his report. For that reason, among others, the Sultan has defied the powers instead of attempting again to deceive them.

The other reason, doubtless, was that he did not believe, when it came to the point, that they could agree upon effective measures to put him out of Thessaly, or could enforce such measures even if they could agree upon them. Ostensibly the concert is complete. The Sultan has made individual appeals to every power represented in the concert to leave the concert for the purpose of enabling him to have his will of Greece. He has met with refusals as blunt as diplomatic language would permit from Russia and from Austria. From France, England, and Italy he of course had no hope. From Germany he received a polite regret that the Kaiser did not see his way to dissociating himself from the action of his colleagues, if they can be called so. This is not exactly such a loyal adherence to the concert as may be expected to please the other powers, and the Sultan is at liberty to extract from the Kaiser's response the comfortable assurance that its author will not take part in any active measure of coercion. But that, in fact, was known already. For although the Kaiser was much the hottest of the sovereigns against Greece, and demanded that she should be severely dealt with, when it came to dealing with her he found that he "could not spare a battalion."

The other of Mr. Gladstone's "two young men" has appeared to considerably more advantage in the later phases of this Turkish business. The conduct of the Czar, however, seems to have been actuated as purely by personal motives as that of the Kaiser, and equally shows the danger of intrusting national interests to individual caprice. For the continual and increasing pressure put by Russia upon Turkey seems to denote that the Czar defers to the wishes of his mother and consults the interests of her brother, as clearly as the animosity of the Kaiser against Greece shows that he is "down on" his own sister.

For all that, Europe is evidently united in limiting the results of the Turkish conquest. The Sultan has defied Europe to take from him what he holds by the sword, and has even taunted her with her impotence. If all Europe, he scornfully said, could not prevent a Greek colonel from coming to the assistance of the Cretan insurgents, how does Europe expect to turn 300,000 Turkish troops out of Thessaly? Indeed, the problem is not easy, but the real question is about the determination of Europe. Where there is a will there is a way. Russia would without doubt undertake the work at a price, and the price would be the possession of Constantinople. The Sultan has been very confident that the other powers would not permit the price to be paid. But he should not make too sure of that. It is possible that compensations might be found for the powers inclined to object which would silence their objections, and certain that in that case the compensations would all be made at his expense. Apparently it is by meditating upon this contingency that he has at last ceased his defiance, and after a month or more of bluster has told his ministers that he is quite sure Europe means nothing but Turkey's good. But although this may be merely a device to gain time, it is reasonably certain that he will at last evacuate Thessaly, and rest content with a strategical realignment of the frontier.

THE REPORT ON THE JAMESON RAID.

The South African Committee has relieved its distracted mind by an act of intellectual suicide. Its report censures Mr. Rhodes and entirely exonerates Mr. Chamberlain. So far as Mr. Rhodes is concerned, the conclusion it has come to was arrived at over a year ago by the committee appointed by the Cape Parliament. Mr. Rhodes said at the outset that he was ready to accept the findings of the Cape Committee as to his general responsibility. The House of Commons Committee has merely confirmed the truth of his admission. Mr. Rhodes said he was guilty; the committee has proved it. That is not much to boast of as the result of a five months' inquiry, especially as Mr. Rhodes is not to be punished or interfered with in any way, not to be stripped of his Privy Councillorship, nor even to be reported to the House for his refusal to produce certain essential telegrams. The committee has discovered, what everybody knew, that he "seriously embarrassed" the colonial and imperial governments, that he supported a revolution, deceived a High Commissioner, and hoodwinked his fellow-directors; and for these misdoings Mr. Rhodes is admonished in a paragraph of shining virtue. After all, the committee could do no more. Mr. Rhodes is too big a man to have his career cut short by a few members of Parliament who were so ignorant of South Africa as not to know what the "drifts" are. To turn from their censure on him to their blithe acquittal of the Colonial Secretary is to forsake farce for extravaganza. In spite of the committee's efforts to restrict the inquiry to the broad and pleasant lines of Mr. Rhodes's misdemeanors, evidence of the gravest and most explicit character was put in to prove Mr. Chamberlain's complicity in the Jameson raid. The committee was far too much shocked at the bare idea of such a thing to consider this evidence. It simply hurried on to less hazardous topics. Whenever a witness seemed likely to reintroduce the hateful subject he was hustled out of the chair. Nothing would induce the committee to leave the fascinating study of Mr. Rhodes's politics and take up the case of the Colonial Secretary. We can only say that the balance of such evidence as was given was entirely against Mr. Chamberlain, and that to base a verdict of acquittal on it was an act of simple and most touching generosity. His denial was accepted by the committee in the face of an irresistible accumulation of adverse testimony. The committee does not really know how far Mr. Chamberlain is guilty, or whether he is guilty at all. It refused to go into the matter; it exonerated him out of its imagination. The only possible conclusion is that the inquiry was stifled for fear lest painful disclosures of some kind might result from prolonging its life; and the natural supposition is that these disclosures would affect the reputation of the Colonial Secretary. The committee made two mistakes. The first was in being appointed at all; the second was in not bringing out whatever there was to appear, good or bad.

THE "SENATORIAL PREROGATIVE."

The grievances of Mr. Wellington, a Senator of the United States from Maryland, which have been widely communicated to the country by the newspapers, deserve much more serious consideration than they have received. The facts appear to be as follows: Senator Wellington recommended the appointment of Mr. B. H. Warner, Jr., to the consulship at Southampton. It may be remarked by the way that Mr. B. H. Warner, Jr., is the son of Mr. B. H. Warner, Sr., a man of money and influence, who is said to have done much for the election of Mr. Wellington as Senator. In fact, he alleges that it was he who made Mr. Wellington Senator. Be that as it may, President McKinley nominated Mr. B. H. Warner, Jr., not for the consulship at Southampton, but for that at Leipzig. Against this divergence from his wishes Senator Wellington protested, but the President disregarded the protest. Thereupon Senator Wellington went before the Senate committee which has to consider and report upon nominations for consular offices, and demanded that the nomination of Mr. B. H. Warner, Jr., for the consular post at Leipzig should be reported upon adversely. He complained, as is said, with considerable warmth, of the treatment he had received at the hands of the President as an invasion of his "prerogative" as a Senator, and sternly insisted that he had the right to expect the same consideration as that accorded to other Republican Senators.

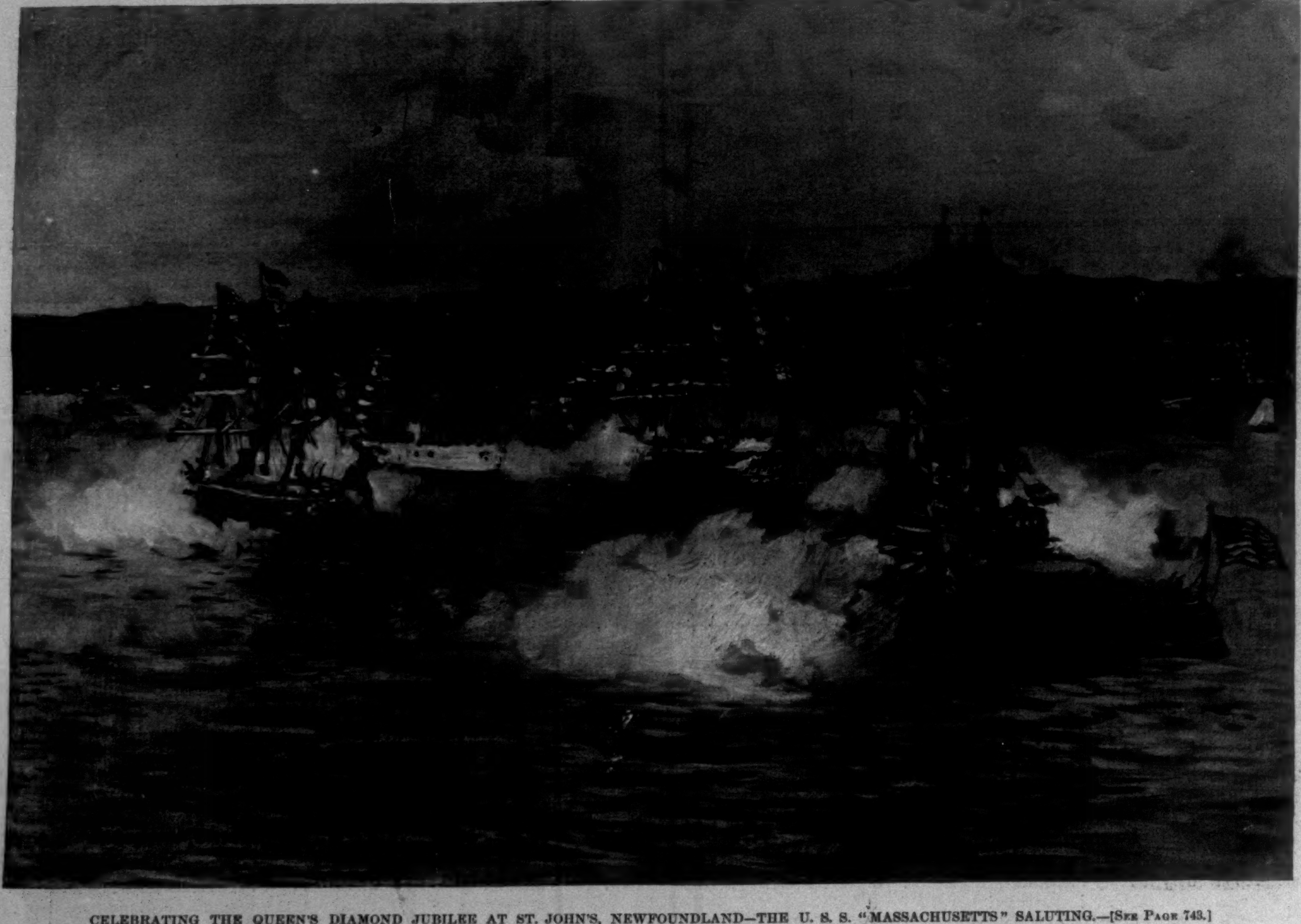
Some newspapers are disposed to make light of Senator Wellington's earnestness in defending the "Senatorial prerogative," and to treat it jocosely. The case may be open to that sort of treatment, but it has also its very serious side, for it exhibits in a glaring light the abandonment of the true constitutional principles in the making of appointments to office which we have gradually come to. When Mr. Wellington speaks of his "Senatorial prerogative," he means that a Senator belonging to the administration party shall have the right to designate the persons who are to be appointed to the principal offices in, or allotted to, his State. This "prerogative" has, to a greater or less extent, been recognized by several administrations. President McKinley appears to have adopted the rule that the Senator may designate the persons to be nominated for such offices, or that, if the Senator designates persons that are very objectionable, then at least no nominations shall be made without the assent or acquiescence of the Senator of the State concerned. If this is the rule which has been followed with regard to other Republican Senators, then Mr. Wellington would seem to have a right to complain of discrimination against himself. It may, indeed, be said that Mr. Wellington had endorsed young Mr. Warner for Southampton and thereby had testified to his fitness and acceptability for any such place. But if, as a general rule, the "prerogative" of a Senator to prevent a nomination by objecting to it is recognized, then Mr. Wellington may expect to defeat the nomination of Mr. Warner, Jr., by objecting to it, on the ground that he has found reason for changing his mind, or that the man suits him for Southampton but not for Leipzig, or that there are other considerations moving the Senatorial bosom too deep for the Executive mind to fathom. If the President divests himself of the freedom of making nominations according to his own judgment in favor of the other Republican Senators, it is hard to see why Mr. Wellington should not claim his right to equal treatment. That a consistent adherence to such a method of making nominations may lead an administration into pitiable dilemmas is certainly true. But that is a thing which should have been considered before the method was adopted.

Is it not time that the President and Senators and the American people generally should once more remember what under the Constitution the power and the duties of the President and of the members of the Senate really are? The Constitution provides that the President "shall nominate, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not otherwise provided for in the Constitution." How this provision should be understood and carried out is clearly set forth in the *Federalist*. According to that authority, "in the act of nomination his (the President's) judgment *alone* would be exercised; and as it would be *his sole duty to point out* the man who with the approbation of the Senate should fill an office, his responsibility would be as complete as if he were to make the final appointments.... But his nomination may be overruled. This it certainly may; yet it can only be to make place for another nomination by *himself*. The person ultimately appointed must be the object of *his* preference, though perhaps not in the first degree. It is also not probable that his nomination would often be overruled. The Senate could not be tempted by the preference they might feel for another to reject the one proposed, because they *could not assure themselves that the person they might wish would be brought forward by a second or by any subsequent nomination.*"

Nothing could be clearer than this exposition of the President's power and duty in making nominations. The Constitution demands that the President shall select the persons to be nominated according to his own judgment and upon his own responsibility; and that responsibility is as great as if the nomination were equivalent to a completed appointment. Nor can he share this responsibility in making nominations with the Senators; for their responsibility as members of the Senate begins only when the nominations are submitted, not to Senators individually, but to the Senate as a body, for approval. The Constitution even expressly discountenances the exercise of any Senatorial influence upon the making of nominations by the President, for, according to the *Federalist*, the President shall act so independently in nominating persons for office that Senators shall not be tempted to reject nominations for the purpose of compelling the President to nominate certain persons whom they would prefer. It is evident, therefore, that the practice which gives the Senators any part in the selection of persons *for nomination* is grossly repugnant to the spirit and intent of the Constitution. When the President permits Senators to control in any sense, positively or negatively, nominations before they are submitted to the whole Senate he violates his constitutional duty and evades his constitutional responsibility. When Senators claim, as a "Senatorial prerogative," the right to interfere with the nominations to be submitted by the President to the Senate according to his judgment and upon his responsibility, they seek to usurp the President's constitutional power and discretion. The so-called "Senatorial prerogative" is therefore a conception utterly hostile to the true meaning of the Constitution.

It may be said that the President, in selecting persons for nomination, may prefer the recommendations made by Senators to those made by others. But who will deny that compliance on his part with such recommendations as a systematic practice will be merely a systematic practice of surrendering his constitutional power and of stealing away from his constitutional responsibility? It is also said that the President has to recognize the "Senatorial prerogative" for the sake of "harmony." What does this mean? That the President has to violate the spirit and intent of the Constitution, in giving the Senators a wrongful control over the nominations, for the purpose of obtaining their "support"—that is, their votes for the measures he wishes to carry. And what does this mean? That he has to influence the official action of Senators by bribing them with patronage. This is nothing more nor less than corruption, by whatever euphonious name we may call it. And what is the effect of this corrupt system? To diminish the number of high-minded statesmen, and to increase that of venal spoilsmongers in Congress; to encourage these spoilsmongers there to demand pay in the shape of patronage bribe for every important sustaining vote they give; to foster the pernicious notion that the public offices exist not for the service of the people, but for the benefit of the politicians; to accustom the public mind to the contempt of the fundamental law, and to the toleration of essentially corrupt practices, and thus to contribute powerfully to that demoralization in our political life which tends to undermine our democratic institutions. This is the true nature of the "Senatorial prerogative."

Carl Schurz.



CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND—THE U. S. S. "MASSACHUSETTS" SALUTING.—[SEE PAGE 743.]

KOREA AND ITS PEOPLE.

THE peninsula of Korea was, until the other day, the least known of any country inhabited by a people possessed of any tincture of what we call civilization. Nature had done much to isolate the country, and the fears and prejudices of the inhabitants had done more. The old experiences of at least two attempts on a large and nearly successful scale to conquer the country and to enslave its people, first by their Chinese neighbors and afterwards by the people of Japan, formed the not unreasonable excuse for a national policy which excluded the slightly superior civilizations of their southern and eastern neighbors, and at the same time secured for the people of Korea such a degree of self-government as they were capable of developing for themselves. Experience, indeed, has shown that they were not capable of any great things in this direction. Compared with China, crushed as that empire has been for so many centuries under a corrupt and worn-out social and governmental system, the civilization of Korea has little to recommend it. Compared with the Japan of forty years ago, the condition of its people was a miserable and unprogressive one. It may be said with perfect truth that the Koreans could, even a century ago, have learned much of value from either of their nearest neighbors in everything that concerns the arts and sciences which promote social well-being. Yet, even after making this admission, there is still much to be said for the policy which excluded these benefits if they were to be accompanied by the loss of independence, and the domination of one or other of her more powerful neighbors.

The natural features of the Korean peninsula have been in nearly all respects the friends of the independence of its people. It is a country unusually difficult of access, either by sea or land. Its frontiers towards Siberia on the northwest and Manchuria on the west are defended by mountain ranges that form a very strong line of defence, while its long line of coast presents scarcely a single harbor of even third-rate excellence. Port Lazareff, which is probably the best, as it is now the best known, of these, would nowhere else be regarded as either a safe or commodious place for shipping, and most of the other so-called harbors are no more than the mouths of rivers, subject to all the dangers of currents and more or less shifting sand banks. The whole coast-line of the peninsula, indeed, is rugged and striking in a very unusual degree. Abrupt lines of cliffs, bare and sea-worn, meet the eye at nearly every point at which the traveller can approach the shore; and as these cliffs are almost invariably backed by a higher range of inhospitable hills, rising from 1500 to 3000 feet above the sea-level, the general impression is anything but favorable to the idea that the country is of any great value. Nor is this first impression altogether without foundation. The coast-lines to north and south fairly indicate the general character of Korea. The whole of the peninsula is formed of a succession of ridges running in a general direction from northwest to southeast, and dividing the whole country into a succession of valleys, for the most part very narrow, and nowhere expanding into anything that can reasonably be called a plain. The valleys, however, are as a rule of unusual fertility, and reward generously the by no means elaborate cultivation bestowed on them by the Koreans. The slopes of the ranges of hills, which probably occupy quite one-half of the country, are made little use of at present, although there can be little doubt that in either China or Japan they would be largely cultivated. This can of course be accounted for by the fact that, in comparison with either China or Japan, Korea is a very sparsely populated country, and its people have not been driven by necessity to make the most of what nature has provided. Her people have long been stationary, even in population, and the natural result has followed in its application to the development of the country.

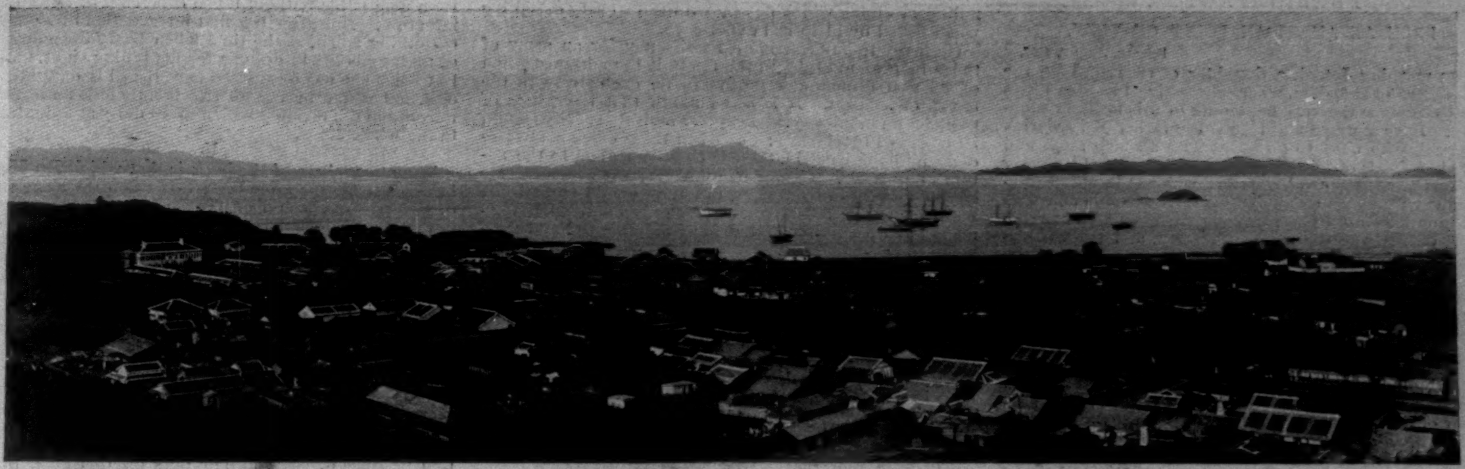
While belonging apparently to the same general family of nations as both Chinese and Japanese, the Koreans are by no means the same people as either of these larger nations. They are, it is true, more like Chinese—especially the Chinese of northern China—than their island neighbors, both in appearance and institutions, and yet in both respects the distinctions are marked. As a race the Koreans are considerably larger men than the Japanese, and at the same time incomparably slower and more clumsy in their movements. They have none of the rapid energy, either of body or mind, which so eminently distinguishes the native of Japan, and but little of the doggedly persevering characteristics of the Chinese. There is, indeed, enough of evident distinction between the races to lend probability to the theory that the Korean population is the result of a mixture of a Mongolian with an Indo-Germanic race. Here and there a Korean may be met with—especially among the upper class—whose appearance is in nearly every respect far more European than Asiatic, and while such cases are in a very small minority of the whole people, there is yet even among all classes something which, although difficult to define, seems to indicate an admixture of race. Even if this should be the case, however, it can hardly be concluded that the mixture has been a success. There is nothing of Western enterprise in the people, and there is something like a total absence of Western ideals in all matters of social observance, which seems to show that, after all, there has been nothing gained by the ethnographic experiment.

So far as Korea was ever connected with any foreign country, she was so with China, and apart from the two periods, separated by some six centuries, when the smaller country was for a time overrun, if not conquered, by her larger neighbor, the commercial and other intercourse must, until the last two hundred and fifty years, have been considerable. As a consequence of this, rather, it is probable, than from any identity of race, all that there is of civilization in the peninsula takes a decidedly Chinese shape. It is almost absurd to speak of the architecture of a country in which until the other day the loftiest ideal of a palace was little more than a collection of cottagelike buildings of a single story, with hardly an attempt at ornament, and yet wherever any attempt was made it took, so far as possible, a Chinese form. In this way it is that the visitor to Korea meets every now and then with a roof or a wall that looks like a very poor imitation of what he has seen in China, surrounded by the much more primitive, though perhaps scarcely uglier, structures native to the soil. What is true of the buildings is also true of the institutions. Religion, so far as there is any, is modelled on Chinese patterns, with such results as might be expected; law and the administration of justice are altogether Chinese in their feebleness and utter corruption, and government is conducted, as it is in the Chinese Empire, by a class which lives by the shameless oppression and robbery of the poorest class of the people.

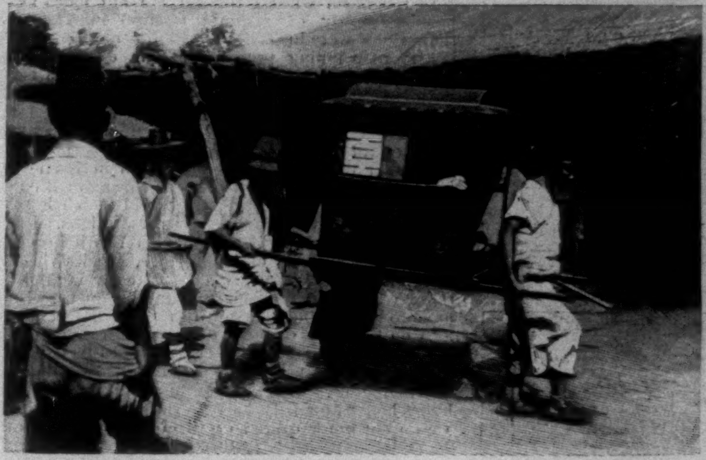
The social customs and family life of the people of Korea have more that is distinctively national than anything else open to observation by strangers, and it must be admitted that these have little to recommend them. The burden of life falls even more heavily in Korea than in China upon the women of the community; indeed, it would be difficult to point to any country in which the lot of the average woman, from youth to old age, is less enviable than it is with her. The Korean man, of all but the highest class, looks upon his wife as the natural burden-bearer of the household; and besides the hard manual labor exacted from her during the day, she is commonly supposed to work at household duties during a large part of the night, while her husband enjoys unbroken rest. To till the fields, to water the crops, and at night to wash and to do laundry-work that her husband may appear in all the dignity of a spotless white robe—the pride of every self-respecting Korean—is the fate of the married women; a fate from which none can hope to escape except by entering the profession of actresses or dancing-girls, whose social position is free from nearly all the restraints, social as well as moral, which beset their more respectable but infinitely less regarded sisters.

The late war, which was begun ostensibly for the purpose of settling the question whether the influence of Japan or that of China was for the future to predominate in Korea, has, like so many other of the events, both small and great, of history, resulted in a state of things entirely unexpected by either party to the struggle. Few observers of events in the far East ventured to prophesy the collapse of China and the complete triumph of Japan, but fewer still dreamt of the result that, having won the fight, Japan would find herself just as far from grasping the prize as ever. This, however, is hardly an overstatement of what has happened. Japan fought nominally for the liberation of Korea from Chinese influences which interfered with her freedom of action, but really to secure for her own people the controlling influence in the peninsula. The result has been that she finds her way blocked by Russia—a more formidable obstacle than anything China could ever have placed in her path. What the result will be it is no easy matter to foresee, but at present Russia is very much in evidence in the Hermit Kingdom. Her flag, waving over the buildings of the Russian Legation at Seoul, has become for the first time familiar to Korean eyes, while the shadow of her aggressive power already rests upon the land.

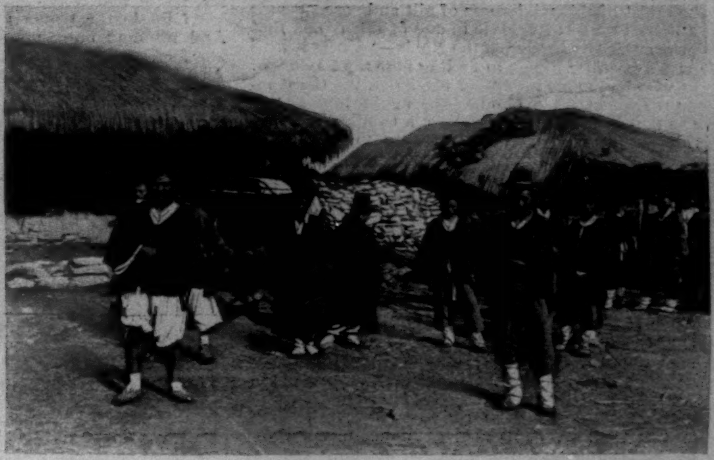
One thing, however, would seem to be certain in the midst of so much uncertainty—the long reign of exclusiveness is at an end so far as the peninsula of Korea is concerned. Whether Japan or Russia is to be the guardian of the open door, and the country which shall gain most by its being opened, Korea herself cannot fail to be the greatest gainer of all. The old policy of the country had been tried for three centuries, and had proved an utter failure. It had resulted in a stagnation, if possible, more complete than that of China, without such compensations as the civilization of China could give. It had left them a people free indeed from outside interference, but wholly incapable of rising by their own efforts in the scale of national progress. Whatever happens to Korea now cannot fail to be in the interests of progress. Whether that progress is to be influenced and controlled by Russia or by Japan, it will be better for the mass of the people than anything they have known in the past.



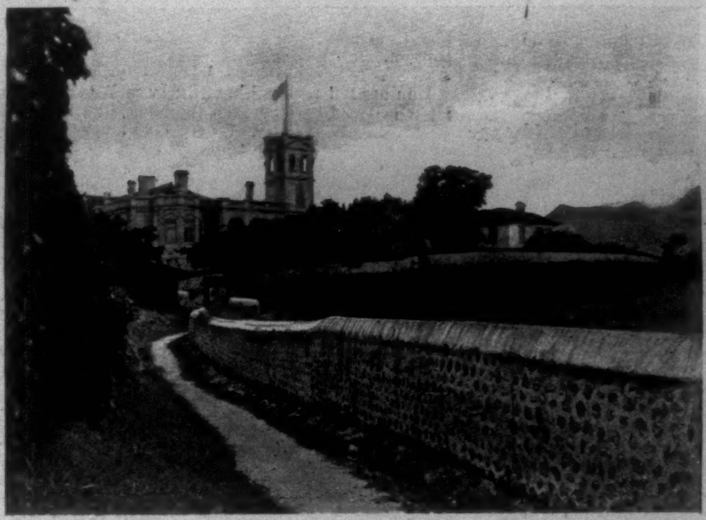
PANORAMA OF WEN-SAN AND ITS HARBOR.



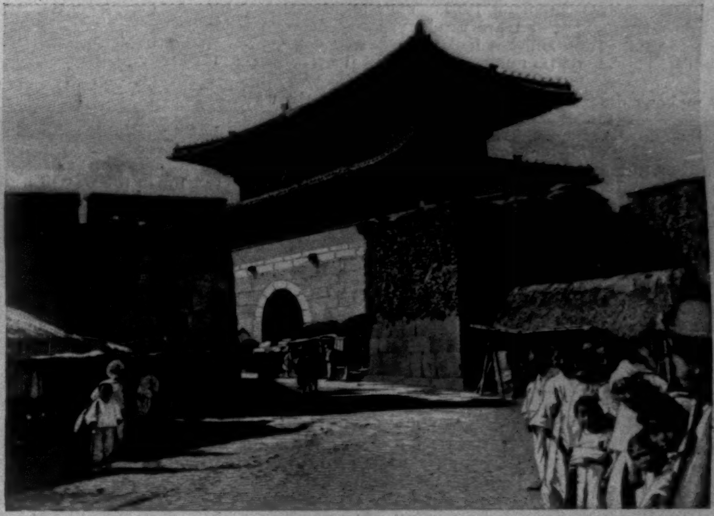
A NATIVE GENTLEMAN'S CHAIR—EN ROUTE TO SEOUL FROM CHEMULPO.



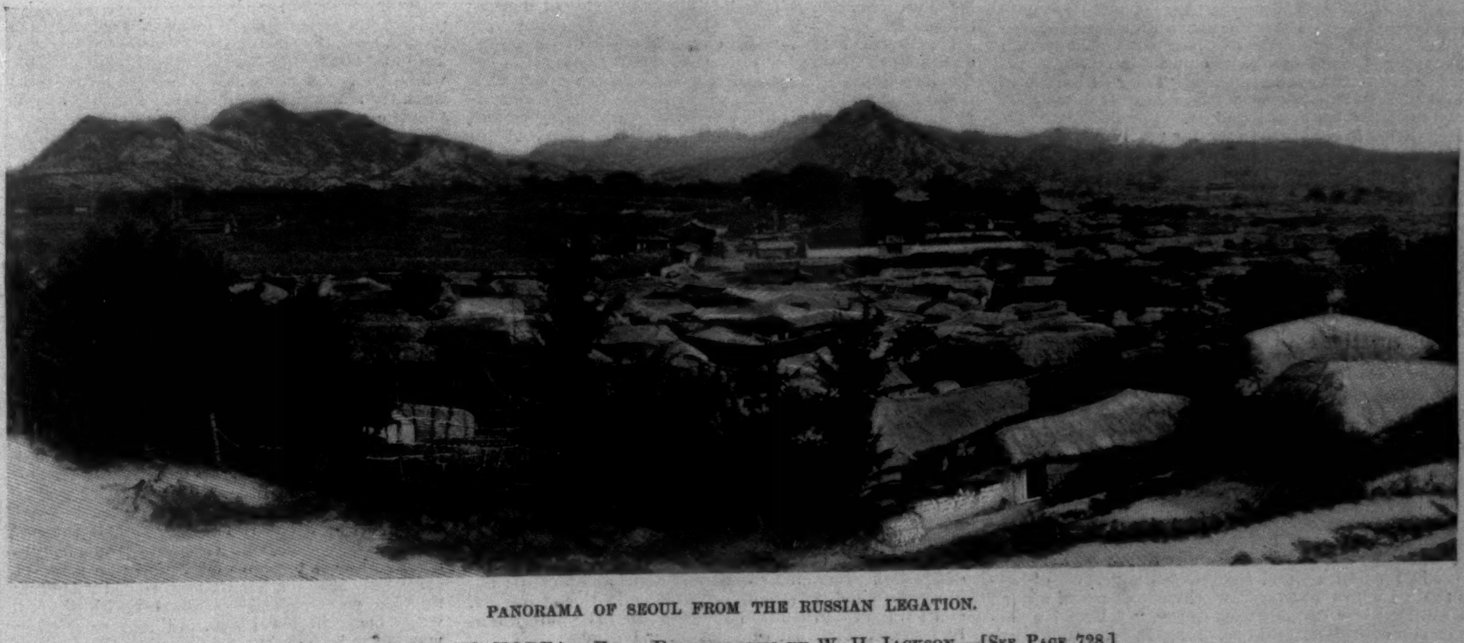
A GOVERNOR AND ESCORT OF RETAINERS PASSING THROUGH HIS PROVINCE.



THE RUSSIAN LEGATION AT SEOUL.



THE EAST GATE OF SEOUL.



PANORAMA OF SEOUL FROM THE RUSSIAN LEGATION.

SCENES IN KOREA.—From Photographs by W. H. Jackson.—[See Page 728.]

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

Berlin, *July 3, 1897.*

This morning I took a daughter of twelve to see the town palace in Potsdam, where successive Prussian kings have lived since the very beginning of this military monarchy. Here stormed and fumed the father of Frederick the Great, who used to go about with a sharp stick and rout his officials out of bed, much as the present Emperor "alarms" garrison towns. Here stands the measuring-machine with which he graded his huge grenadiers, which he kidnapped all over Europe. We were shown the rooms of his son, the great Frederick, and the writing-desk from which Napoleon carved a strip as memento—at least so said the guide. Then we were made to admire pictures representing the ballet-girls who infested the court of the great Frederick, and many allegorical canvases preaching the power and virtue of the great Elector. This palace is an epitome of Prussian court history for 200 years. Each room tells of the taste which pervaded the country at a given period, and it is sad reading. I do not recall a single tribute to any man who was not a soldier or a courtier. In vain I searched the pictures and busts in hope of recognizing the likeness of some great scientist, scholar, poet, or historian. If there ever had been great men depicted here, they must have been done away with under the venerable William I. to make room for uniforms; for William the Victorious had a weakness in that line.

In the midst of this wilderness of gilt and gorgeousness I saw a little bronze of Carlyle in one of the rooms that had been occupied by Frederick the Noble—"Unser Fritz." There was a peculiar fitness in finding here some token of the man who had made the life of Frederick the Great familiar to the world. The official palace guide ignored this bronze as if it had been no more than a candlestick. He had evidently not been coached in regard to it, and told me that it was a little thing that the late Emperor Frederick had brought with him from England. But he could not tell me who was the sculptor, whom it was intended to represent, or when it was brought from England.

He was, besides, somewhat chagrined to find that those whom he was conducting—who happened to be all Americans—cared more for this little bronze of Carlyle than for the apotheosis of the Grosse Kurfürst. We all knew that it was Carlyle, and it seemed a replica of Boehm's monument which faces the Thames at the foot of Cheyne Row in old Chelsea. Our guide had of course never heard of Boehm any more than of Carlyle; but he kindly turned the statuette about at my suggestion, and there, sure enough, was Boehm's name, with the date 1874. Perhaps Unser Fritz brought it to Germany on his return from the Jubilee of 1887—a year before his own death, and three years before that of the sculptor.

In walking away from the palace I took my little girl to see the beautiful bronze busts by Rauch representing the heroes of the so-called War of Liberation, the "People's War" against Napoleon, 1813. They are in a grove adjoining the palace, and are rarely visited. They all needed washing, and Blücher had his eyes and nose connected by cobwebs. So much for heroes of liberty.

It makes a democrat rub his eyes in wonder at the way in which great German statesmen are kicked up and down stairs just now. This morning I hear that von Marschall, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and von Boetticher, the Minister of the Interior, have both been turned out. Both are public servants of unblemished personal character, trained by long years of experience; both in the prime of life, and both credited with political talent above the average. They have not been impeached—not even charged with any official fault. They are turned away, no one knows why, and are replaced by two others, at the instigation of no one knows whom. This does not look like parliamentary or even stable government. Careful Germans tell me that it has a sad significance; that the government here is under the influence of the military and Tory classes altogether, and that no one can remain in power who ministers to any other interests than those of landlords and soldiers.

This is good news for Englishmen, and for us in a lesser degree; for it means that German industry is being heavily handicapped, not alone by the practice of protectionism, but still more so by an administration avowedly hostile to commerce and manufacture. As an American citizen I rejoice; as a friend of Germany I feel regret.

We say much in our press of militarism being a heavy burden to Germany. We mean usually that the cost of maintaining half a million men in times of peace is something of a burden to a sandy country with a poor population. True enough; but that cost is cheerily paid even in Germany, for it represents to the unthinking the insurance of their national independence. The real burden of the military system in Germany falls indirectly much more heavily than it does in the budget. The burden lies in the fact that soldiers are selected for nearly every office, from railway porters to prime ministers. Now military discipline is a good thing up to a certain point. But there is a point in soldier-training where the recruit ceases to be a citizen, and thinks only as a governmental atom. This is peculiarly the case in Germany. The government first converts its citizens into military machines, and then places these automata in positions of political responsibility where the largest amount of common-sense and practical experience are required.

Now the soldier is not a man trained to economy or to inventiveness. His business as a soldier is to spend government money freely, and to destroy by bullet and sabre whatever opposes him. He rides down growing crops, wastes whatever he touches, never argues—commands, or else obeys. That is the ideal soldier—the Phil Sheridan, the Marlborough. With these qualities go frequently honesty, administrative capacity, courage, but rarely the gift of persuasion, other than by an ultimatum.

In Germany the court is composed of soldiers, and the aristocracy is all in the army. If the Emperor wants a postmaster or the governor of a colony, he naturally takes the first soldier that suits him, for none but soldiers are about him. Thus he has just sent a soldier to govern his black colony in East Africa, and has selected a general of hussars to deal with the delicate machinery of postal affairs. The old Emperor William used to say, "A Prussian general can do anything," and he believed it. There is much of William I. in William II., especially that confidence in military training which has shown itself so very deceptive when tested by historical experience.

Germany to-day can more readily pay for an army of twice its present strength than permit the administration of its vast economic interests to lie exclusively in the hands of soldiers. It is bad enough that the whole of the telegraph, railway, and express-delivery service should be managed by officials; but when those officials are soldiers into the bargain, then it bodes no good to the nation's industries. I know many Americans who advocate state ownership of railways, but they would be satisfied with what they now have if they only knew what Germans put up with at the hands of their official and military railway-managers.

Poultney Bigelow.

THE WIND BLEW IN THE WHEAT.

A sickle moon hung low and white, in the edge of a golden west.
With clanging bells the herd came home; and mother birds on the nest
Thrilled to the song that is never sung—so soft! so wildly sweet!
The whippoorwill in the marsh-land called, and the wind blew in the wheat.

High summer had broken to hedge-row waves with a foam of elder bloom.
By waste and way-side the sweetbrier stars showed faint in the tender gloom.
And nibbling hares crept out to play, on silent velvet feet.
As waxing dewdrops timed the chant, the wind blew in the wheat.

"Benison to each bearded head, in the land of golden grain!
Ye shall drink of the sun, in strength and power, nor lack the grateful rain.
In the bursting mills, in the ocean pressed with the keels of a laden fleet,
Ye may read the smile of the Lord of Hosts," the wind blew in the wheat.

Martha McCulloch-Williams.

LIFE AND LETTERS

The planet Mars had long had such an almost personal interest for me that when I understood Du Maurier's next romance (alas, his last!) was to have something to do with that wise little orb

> "Where falls not rain, nor hail, nor any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly—"

but a gentle, if somewhat gelid dew diffuses itself by ordered channels over the happy land from year to year, I felt that I had the promise of pretty nearly all that I could ask for in the way of a mystical delight. I did not much care what fictitious form it took; I was willing to trust that to Du Maurier; it was enough for me to know that the fable was to be related to the planet Mars; which I cared about more than true dreaming, as in Peter Ibbetson, or hypnotism as in Trilby.

I.

Now that I have tasted that mystical delight I do not know whether I am quite satisfied. There is nothing to complain of in the quality; it is the quantity that is, perhaps, a little scanted. But then, there are so many other things in the book; and I advise the reader, if he shares my disappointed greed, to go and glut himself with Swedenborg's curious treatise on The Worlds of the Universe, where he will learn what life on all the principal planets of our solar system is like. I do not now remember his account of them well enough to say whether his description of Mars and the Martians tallies with Du Maurier's or not; but I am sure that in Isaac Taylor's fascinating Physical Theory of another Life the reader will find something strikingly parallel to the belief of Du Maurier's Martians that the sun is to be finally the home of immortality.

Du Maurier's notion of a guardian spirit, or say rather a consulting spirit, from the red planet to which we "give the first watch of the night," is very pleasing, though I believe that I do not care very much for the transmigration of souls. One life, if it be long enough, is enough for me, and certainly one death, however short. I am better content with the derivation of the Martians from a sea-lion of peculiar fitness for survival. That is somehow nicer than to have descended from an anthropoidal ape; though as I do not look forward to the rule of a "highly trained patriciate," with the faith and hope of Professor Peck, I am rather indifferent on the article of ancestry. It is because I like to think of the Martian ladies with their seal-skin sacks growing on them, and the great saving it must be to their husbands, that I prefer the sea-lion progenitor. I do not know that to be web-footed and web-fingered is so much prettier than our way, and yet it would be amusing to see a Martian belle fanning herself simply with her open hand. They have not much hot weather on that planet, our author tells us, and a very little hand would suffice.

I say, or I have hinted, that I would willingly have had more of the Martians in the romance, but there is enough of the mystical element to qualify the whole story, and to lift it out of the common air which the common breath sometimes makes a little thick. The impossible, if it is the impossible, is very frankly supposed, and very simply asserted, so that it has a charming effect of reality. In turn the reality of the book puts on a bewitching aspect of illusion. It is all scrupulously dated and located: but it seems without actuality, especially in the retrospect, and I think that the art of The Martian, to be judged fairly, must, beyond that of most other books, be looked at retrospectively. As one reads on through it, the story is for a long while without much coherence or any apparent intention. But after the first intervention of Martia, the consulting spirit, at the time when Barty Josselin thinks of taking his life in despair for his failing sight, until the last when she has incarnated herself in his daughter who dies, and whom he cannot survive, there is an increasing purpose in the mystery which gives unity and significance to the whole story.

II.

The atmosphere of the book is that which Du Maurier has shown that he loves best; it is much the same as that of Peter Ibbetson and of Trilby; it is a blend of both; it is the air of a refined rather than a moralized Bohemia; it is all in art-land, love-land, comrade-land. People stand about and talk; they dream and ache and thrill; but they do not act a great deal, and many of them do not arrive anywhere. The social philosophy is that of Thackeray's novels, and is much averse to snobs, which it is assumed we all are, but need not be if we were very brave, and above the mean motives that actuate people in society. I do not find that a very strong philosophy; its rule of conduct is as difficult of application as the old principle of lifting one's self by one's waistband, if one would rise. But it is a harmless convention, and it will at least enable us to abhor snobbery until we get rid of the conditions that produce it. The author puts off this good time, in his aspiration for it, until we shall all have been influenced by the nobler civilization of Mars; but perhaps it will not be so long as that.

In the mean while I think there are more agreeable people (mostly of gigantic stature) in The Martian, than there were in Trilby; and for me Barty Josselin is a more winning personality than even the heroine so widely known through that book. There is an unfailing charm in his character; he is lovable from the beginning to the end, and such as, loving him, you could wish him to be in most circumstances. His personal quality is less appreciable in his later than in his earlier life, in his prosperity than in his adversity; but that is inevitable. The story throngs with interesting figures, like that European world which is so different in its variety of tongues, classes, religions, educations, from our plain American hemisphere, with its one English speech, its level of intelligence, and its variation of richer and poorer. What a lot of color it all has over there, what picturesqueness, what movement! But they have to pay for their game with much candle, and we who look on from this distance can have more pleasure in it.

I fancy we can see it better, and that this is what gives such books as Du Maurier's and Thackeray's their greater charm for us. We are not in the procession, and we know better how it looks than they who are. I dare say we do not know quite so well how true the picture of it is; and I may be wrong in doubting some of those kind-hearted aristocrats, whom Du Maurier tries rather hard for, and those high-hearted commoners of beauty and genius, who are neither abased nor self-abased before their superiors. Nearly everybody in the book is either a title, or a beauty or a genius (often both), except the supposed narrator; and I remember that even he is finally a baronet.

III.

He does not realize himself very well to me, and after all it is Du Maurier whom the book, like the other two books, chiefly realizes. There could very well be two minds about his putting himself so much into it, but not about the fact that he does. There is not only his threatened blindness, his artistic evolution, his struggle and his triumph, in Barty Josselin, but we cannot doubt that there is much of his own temperament. His nature has imparted its sweetness to his hero's, and his composite origin and tradition mirror themselves there. There is no reason against it; every novelist does the like more or less with every character he draws, though always less frankly. I do not mind Du Maurier's bringing himself into the story, several times by name through the autobiographer, and once by a long letter over his own signature. Let us have all the kinds of things in literature; only, this kind does not heighten my sense of Josselin's reality, and I can imagine people unworthily accusing his inventor, if he were still alive to be wounded by a narrow judgment of his caprice. It is all very open-hearted, very simple-hearted. It goes so far in its trust of the reader as to suggest from Josselin's behavior to interviewers and lion-worshippers, how Du Maurier felt when his sudden celebrity rushed upon him. The worst thing about it is that in your association of the fact with Du Maurier, the imaginary great author is lost sight of, and those immortal works of his are hard to credit.

But Du Maurier is no longer alive, and we had best make the most of the three books he has left us. If we make the least of them they are still very wonderful books, and they have wonderfully moved the English-reading world. That which moved it most now seems to me the least of the three for truth and freshness, but I should not undertake to settle their relative immortality. I do not know that they are going to be immortal at all, and I would rather fall back from that question to the interest of a fact which seems to me paralleled only by the literary palingenesis of Oliver Wendell Holmes. But Holmes, when he began to write the Autocrat papers, after having given the world the measure of his genius, as it supposed, was only fifty; he had been all his life a writer, and he was not adventuring in a new art. George Du Maurier was nearly sixty when he wrote Peter Ibbetson; he was quite sixty when he wrote Trilby, and sixty-three when he wrote The Martian. He did adventure in a new art, though he had long lived next it.

The wonder of what he has done is very great, and in these later years no man has achieved so great success, if ever any man did, in an untried field. His success is what stands in the way of a full recognition of his last work, which not all the pathos of his death can relieve from the ignominy of coming last. If it had come first, how The Martian would have startled us all! But we had got the author's trick when it came; his manner was no longer novel; the promise the other books made for him was fatally great. It must remain for another time to fix their order of precedence, which ought not to be merely chronological. What we can do now is to be grateful for another romance of a kind whose mould was broken when the third was cast, and to remember with regret the spirit which began to reveal itself in literature so late and then was lost to it so early.

W. D. Howells.

THIS BUSY WORLD

The newest plan looking towards the preservation of Lowell's "Elmwood" as a public park in Cambridge is to have the Park Commissioners of Cambridge furnish one-third of the $35,000 which is needed for the purchase of the portion of the property which is at present in the market. A petition headed by President Eliot and signed by over 200 names urges the Cambridge commissioners to make the necessary appropriation for this purpose. The Metropolitan Park Commissioners have already agreed to furnish one-third of the money, and if the Cambridge Park Commissioners will furnish another third, the rest can certainly be raised by popular subscription.

A Boston contemporary says:

> They are all stirred up in Gotham over the question as to the morality of the Bacchante statue. How gratifying it is to reflect that this is a trial which we shall not have to pass through again in Boston!

Where does the respected *Transcript* get its news, and who is it in New York who is stirred up over the morality of the Bacchante? The only excitement which has been generally discerned in New York over the Bacchante is a gentle quiver of pleasurable anticipation which awaits the time next fall when the statue will be put on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum.

Brazil is so far off that it is not easy to make sure how substantial a basis there is to the story that she means to build herself a new capital far back from Rio and the sea, in the wild hills of the province of Goyaz. Rio is not healthy, and does not recommend itself as the seat of government. The new site for a capital city, which has been selected by a commission chosen for the purpose, is 4000 feet above the sea, and when railroads are built to it, will be some forty-eight hours' ride from the coast. It is at the centre of the continental water-shed from which the great rivers run north to the mouths of the Amazon and south to the Plate. This site being determined upon, it is expected that the Brazilian Congress will proceed to take measures to lay the new city out and start it. It is not so wild or arbitrary a scheme as it seems at first sight, for though a commercial city must grow where business can reach it, a capital, as all Americans know, can be made to order on a selected site. Goyaz, the state in which the new capital site has been located, is described as being as big as France, and rich in almost everything except people. It has a population of a little more than 200,000. Minas, a more progressive Brazilian state, has already built itself a made-to-order state capital, named Bellohorizone, to which its state government is about to be moved from Ouro Preto. When South America once fairly gets her legs she may have sights to show and climates to offer which will compete with the trite allurements of Europe for the attention of the vagrant Yankees.

Most reports are untrue, and the chances are that there is that defect in the tale that a St. Louis chemist has discovered that a certain proportion of a drink called cherry phosphate, which is dispensed by soda-fountains under the supervision of the W. C. T. U., turns to alcohol in the stomach. But if the St. Louis chemist's discovery is valid it is decidedly interesting, and suggestive of useful possibilities. A drink that is a "soft" drink in the throat and an alcoholic drink in the stomach is precisely the one which is not wanted. If alcohol is needed in the stomach, there is rarely any trouble about conveying it there in its original form. What would be very useful and a benefit to mankind would be a drink that is alcoholic in the throat and "soft" in the stomach. That would do good. The possibility of fixing up such a beverage is suggested by the St. Louis man's discovery. It is a poor process that won't work backwards. We have cherry phosphate, a temperance drink that turns alcoholic in the stomach. The problem is to turn the process around and invent an alcoholic drink the fires of which will be instantly quenched when they reach the stomach. The person who can solve this problem of inversion is entitled to expect to get richer than a brewer, and to enjoy the gratitude of his fellows besides.

A Paris letter says that mechanical cigarette-rollers are coming back into fashion and the market. The best cigarette-roller is a set of skilful fingers, such as were educated in the early seventies before the American cigarettes which are so prevalent now began to be manufactured. If fingers cannot learn, the mechanical roller is useful. For several reasons it is advantageous to cigarette-smokers to roll their own cigarettes. It is a little troublesome, takes a little time, and so makes for the protraction of intervals between cigarettes. It seems pretty safe to hold, too, without prejudice to any trust or manufacturer, that the cigarette you roll out of tobacco that is to your taste is better, less dry, and somewhat less pernicious than the one you buy ready made.

The Tree-planting Association of New York, to which allusion has been made from time to time in the WEEKLY, reports, at the end of its first year of organized existence, a membership of 149, and 512 trees planted as the result of its efforts. Everything that is possible should be done to encourage the tree-planters. There is no danger of too many shade trees in New York, and there are plenty of streets in which trees, if they can be persuaded to grow, will look pretty and do good.

The hypothesis that "everybody leaves town in midsummer" has no standing with the officials of great cities. They know that there are people who spend their summers in town, and they are yearly more solicitous for the comfort, and even the entertainment, of the summer population. The picture of a band concert in Prospect Park (Brooklyn), on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY, illustrates one of the devices of the city fathers to help us through the dog-days.

There are frequent summer-evening band concerts now in most of the parks in the more thickly settled parts of Greater New York. Those in Madison Square are probably the most familiar to the WEEKLY readers, while the newest, and not the least interesting, are those provided by the Dock Board for the patrons of its new recreation pier at the foot of Third Street.

An edifying illustration of Hoosier spunk appeared last week in the presence on Long Island Sound of the yacht *Mary*, owned and manned by residents of Indianapolis, and brought to Oyster Bay to compete with the salt-water one-raters for the honor of going to Canada to bring back the Seawanhaka challenge cup. What the *Mary* sails on at home has been the subject of various conjectures among the yachtsmen of this neighborhood. Some say on stilts, some on wheels, and some on the Wabash River, while others maintain that there is a lake in Indiana called Wawasse, on which she takes her practice spins. This last theory is not confirmed by the ordinary map-makers, but possibly that is because the lake dries up in summer. But wherever the *Mary's* home cruising-ground is, she has used it to good purpose, and made a good showing among the twenty-footers.

It may be twenty years since Judge Robert Grant (who was not a judge then) pictured some puppet in a tale as playing lawn-tennis, "*vice* croquet expelled from polite society." It would seem just now as if lawn-tennis too has had its day as a polite amusement. It is not dead. It still appeals, in some measure, to the young and active, and tennis tournaments still excite some interest, but as a social diversion it is nearly as dead as croquet, and has pretty much yielded to golf and the bicycle. It served an excellent turn while it lasted, and no doubt it would have lasted longer if golf had not been developed. How will it be with golf? Will that too decline in favor as the novelty of it wears off, and is twenty years of activity as much as we can hope for it? Croquet began in the early sixties; tennis in the middle seventies; golf in the eighties.

> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be.

But happily they don't cease until something turns up to take their place. If we ever lose golf (which has had too much money invested in it to be easily dislodged) we may be sure of getting something in its place which we shall like better.

The denial of the report of the engagement of another American girl to an English duke suspends comment until further notice, but persons who are interested in Americanizing the British aristocracy find room for hope between conflicting reports. There has been as yet no authoritative contradiction of the rumor that a lively New York family would be the next occupants of the noted house in Park Lane which was built for Barney Barnato. Much has been written of this mansion, which has been described as the most pretentious in London. Its site is good and permanent. Its associations, which may be thought to be less desirable, are new and superficial, and will doubtless rub off.

It is matter for general felicitation among all New-Yorkers and visitors to New York that the impossible has been again achieved, and the Metropolitan Traction Company has got a grip by the use of which its cable-cars can turn corners at any required speed. The new grip has been tried, and works. It has already been put on many of the cable-cars, with great resulting amelioration of the danger and discomfort of rounding the curves, and when all the cars have it there will be one less nuisance in town, and "Dead Man's Curve" will become an obsolete name.

The corporations complain with feeling, and often with justice, of the unreasonableness of the public, which is forever disturbing them with clamor for what it wants and threats of what will happen unless it gets it. The public ought to deal justly with all corporations; but really it would seem that the only way to get a corporation to correct a nuisance or improve its service is to raise a tremendous din and scare it into extra exertion. "Please, Mr. Corporation, will you kindly amend this defect?" seems not to be the style of address that is most effective. The style that is effective is that which carries the spirit with which an old-time government teamster whose wagon was stalled was wont to imbue his remarks to his mules.

New York has lost a remarkable man in Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, president of the Nineteenth Century Club, who died suddenly of apoplexy on July 10. He was born in 1850, in Montpelier, Vermont, a son of Judge Daniel Pierce Thompson, the author of *Green Mountain Boys*, and a lineal descendant of Count Rumford. He was graduated from Amherst in 1869, and was admitted to the bar in New York in 1872. From that time until his death he was active and distinguished, both in his profession and outside of it, in literary and philosophical studies and writings. He was a deep student of metaphysics, and one of the foremost metaphysical writers in this country. He published several books, beginning with *A System of Psychology* in 1884, was a frequent contributor to the magazines, and an occasional lecturer. He was well known abroad, was a member of the Athenæum Club of London, and a friend and correspondent of Herbert Spencer. In New York he was a member of many clubs—the Century, the Manhattan, the Authors', the Lawyers', and others, and succeeded the late Courtland Palmer as president of the Nineteenth Century Club. The unusual scope of his activities makes his loss one that will be acutely felt.

Whoever has knowledge of the importance of the charitable and religious work which is carried on under the supervision of Dr. David H. Greer, the rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York, will rejoice that Dr. Greer has seen fit not to accept the offer recently made to him of the place of coadjutor bishop of Rhode Island. In connection with Dr. Greer's church here there are nearly forty organizations, through which an annual sum which is said to reach $200,000 is expended in parish work. It would appear that Dr. Greer in his present office is the right man rightly placed, and it has relieved the minds of many good people in New York to learn that he is himself as nearly of that opinion as a modest man can be.

Since Mrs. Oliphant's death some interesting personal details about her life have been printed, which may not be known to readers to whom her books are familiar. The story of her labors recalls that of Mrs. Trollope. In 1852, three years after her first novel was published, she was married in London to her cousin, Francis Oliphant, a painter. Her husband lost his health. She had two sons and a daughter. She supported the family by her pen; took them all to Rome, where her husband died in 1859, and then brought her children back to Edinburgh, where she lived three years. Then, after a visit to Rome, where her daughter died, she settled at Windsor, to be near her oldest son, who was at school at Eton. At Windsor she made a home for her brother and his son and two daughters, who came to live with her. Her own sons both died in youth, of consumption, at Oxford. Her nephew, to whom she was greatly attached, also died in youth, and the companions that remained to her were her two nieces. With them she finally moved away from Windsor, a place of sad memories, and settled at Wimbledon. Some surprising stories are told of her powers of concentration and of her remarkable capacity for steady work. It is obvious from this outline of her domestic life that she never lacked whatever incentive to labor there is in a dependent family.

Mr. Julian Ralph's *Alone in China* (Harpers) commends itself to the *London Spectator* as "extremely clever and interesting," and as "one of the few books which may safely be recommended to the student of China as being almost necessary supplements to more elaborate works treating of its geography and sociology." This is high praise for a book containing a descriptive article and six stories—all the results of two months of travel and observation. Two months is not long, but Mr. Ralph's observation is expert, skilful, and intense, and he made the most of his time. He only penetrated two of the twenty-two provinces of China, but those two he observed to good purpose—as the *Spectator* has discerned.

The persistence of the efforts of the various Audubon societies for the protection of wild birds encourages the expectation of important results. The society in New York works in co-operation with the American Museum of Natural History, the president of which, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, is also president of the society. One means of educating public opinion in behalf of the birds which is favored by the society is the institution of a Bird day in the public schools, on which, by various exercises, the interest of the school-children in the birds may be stimulated and directed. A law of the State of New York, signed last May, provides that wild birds (with certain specified exceptions) "shall not be killed or caught at any time, or possessed, living or dead," and provides for a fine of $25 for each bird killed, trapped, or possessed contrary to its provisions. This law, if it proves to be constitutional, may perhaps be enforced against dealers in feathers and milliners' trimmings, and so make the business of killing wild birds for the market unprofitable. Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the Museum of Natural History, has reported that in the course of two recent afternoons he saw on the hats of New York women 173 wild birds or parts of them, including 40 species, of which 32 species are protected by law. It would seem that legally women who wear prohibited feathers are liable to a fine, though, as the protection of women is much nearer the public heart than the protection of birds, there is no prospect that any woman will be fined for that offence. The chance of enforcing the law against dealers seems better.

A Georgia correspondent, who has read something that was lately said in this department of the WEEKLY about "ladies" and "women," wants to know whether "genteel and gentlemanly qualities are limited to any particular race of people," and whether it is possible for a negro, for example, who is duly refined and educated, to be a gentleman from an Anglo-Saxon point of view.

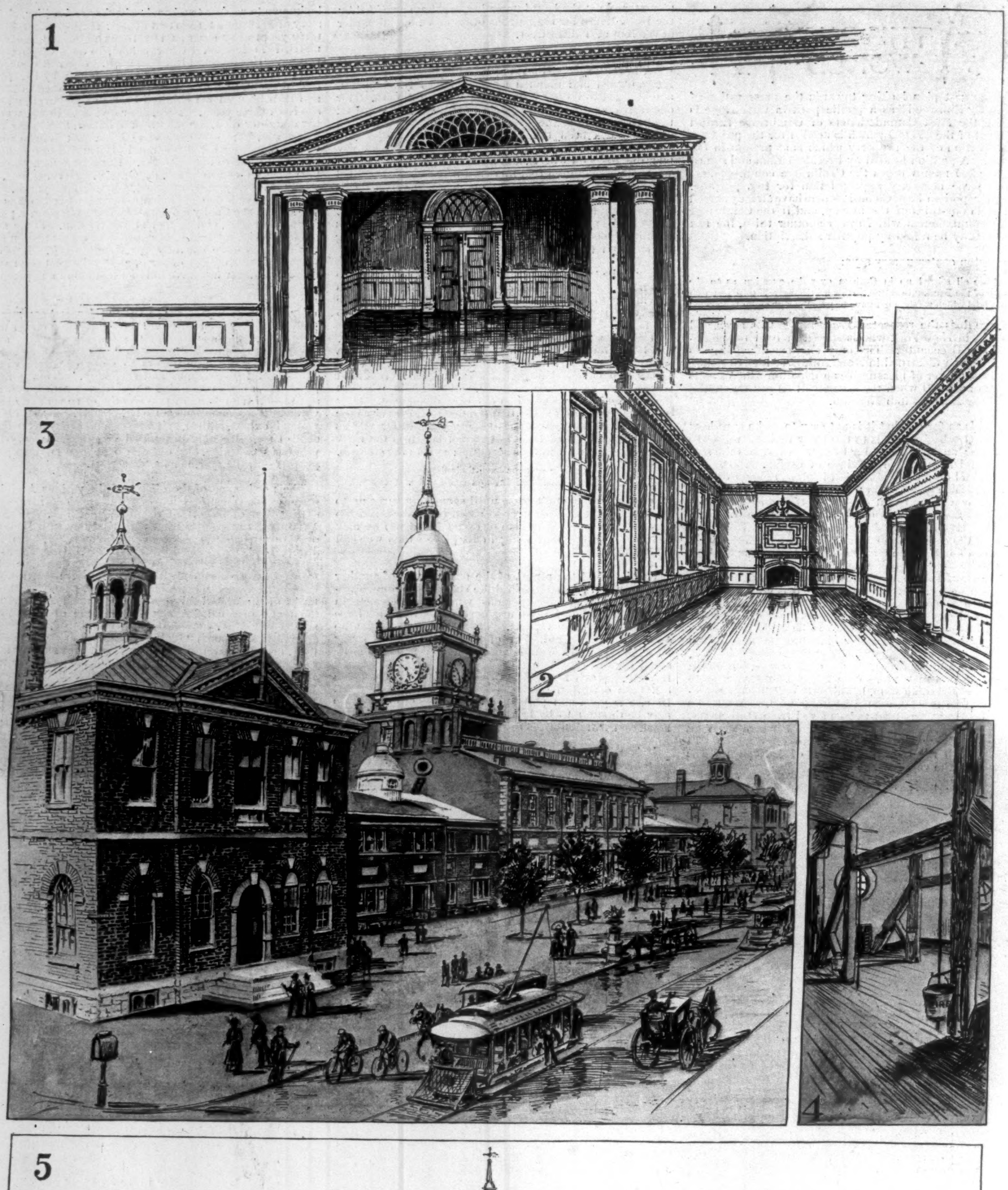
There is nothing in the color of a man's skin to hinder his being a gentleman, even from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. If he has self-respect, veracity, and gentle manners, the most necessary ingredients of a gentleman would seem to be in him, and the chances are that expert observers will recognize their presence. It is worth while to remember, however, that "gentleman" is a loose and comprehensive word that conveys different ideas to different people, and is often used in different senses by the same person. It may be superficially descriptive, and again it may be used to define true inwardness. When you say, "I met several gentlemen in Georgia," the idea conveyed is that you met several men of apparently good social position; but if you say, "I met several negroes in Georgia who were gentlemen," the idea conveyed is that you met several negroes whose personal qualities, and perhaps their position also, were exceptional and worthy of note.

There is no incongruity in terms about the expression "a negro gentleman." It conveys an idea of good manners and personal dignity which is clear and easily understood.

It may be recalled that early in the spring there was solemn talk at Harvard of abolishing the exercises round the tree on class day, which had grown so boisterous that the college authorities thought them decidedly dangerous. A compromise was arranged by which the tree scrimmage was allowed to survive in a modified form. The result appears to have been satisfactory. The scrimmage this year is reported to have been tame as compared with former ones of recent date, but the tree exercises as a whole—the cheers and singing and mingling of classes—were never more interesting and delightful. It would seem, therefore, that by the elimination of contentiousness and athletic rivalry from these exercises, an old custom dear to Harvard men and Harvard girls may be preserved.

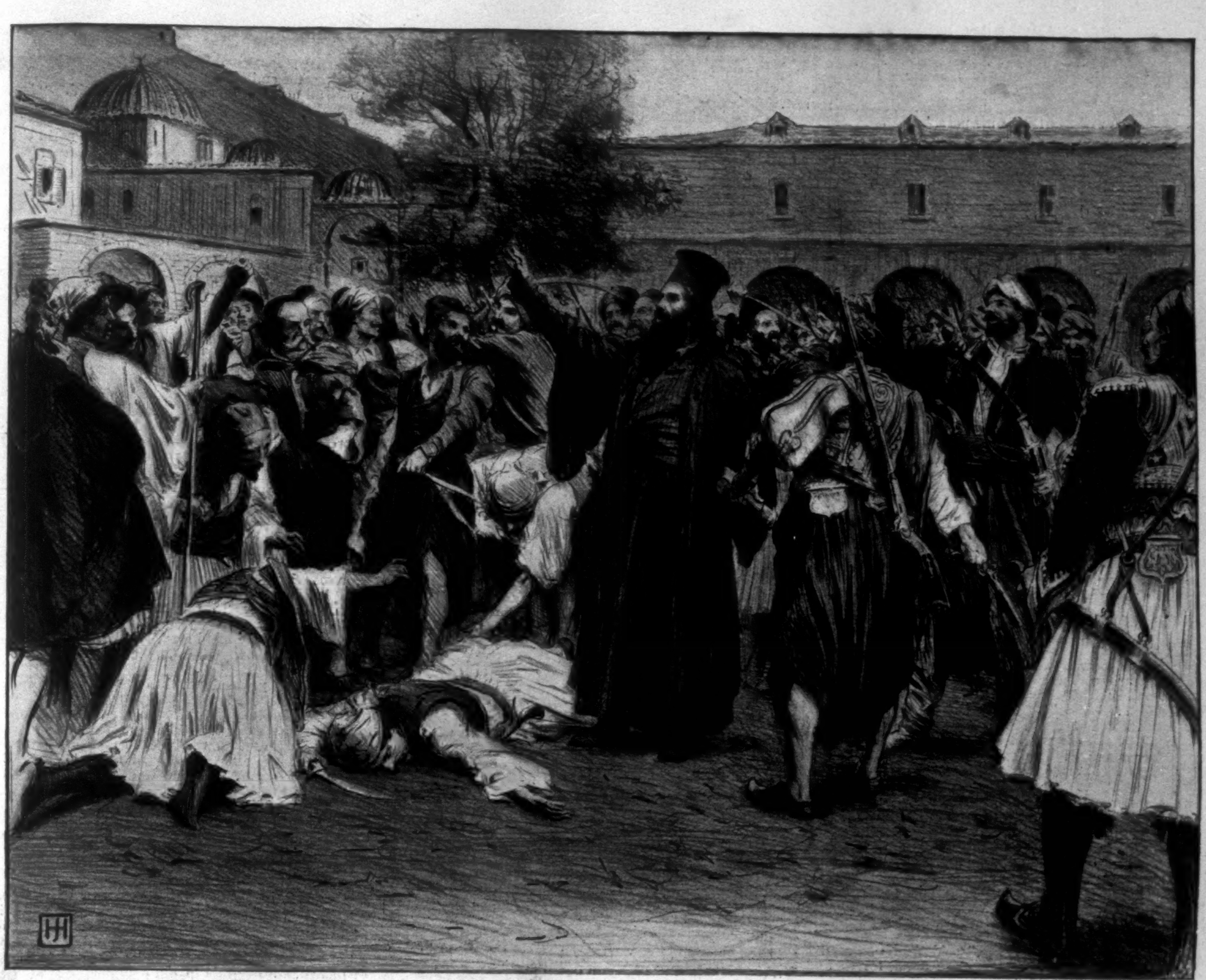
Novel-readers who have had an unsatisfactory experience of the realistic school of fiction should not give up realism altogether until they have tested its possibilities as demonstrated by Maurus Jokai, whom the *London Times* calls "a realist in the best sense of the word, and one of the greatest of historical novelists." "In the *Green Book*" (Harpers), adds the *Times*, "we see him at his best, and he has equalled if not surpassed himself in this latest of his novels."

E. S. Martin.



THE RESTORATION OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 742.]

1. Colonial Arch and Vestibule on the Second Floor. 2. Banquet-Hall after Restoration. 3. View from Fifth Street. 4. The Old Belfry. 5. Front Elevation after the Restoration.



“THE VINTAGE.”*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF “DODO,” “LIMITATIONS,” “THE JUDGMENT BOOKS,” ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE summer passed quietly; July and August were very much hotter than Constantine ever remembered them, but the vines were doing well, and the heat only served to ripen them the sooner. In some years, when the summer months were cool, the grapes did not ripen till late in October, and then there was always the danger of the storms spoiling the crop. But this year, thanks to the heat, there was no doubt they would be ready for gathering by the third week in September, and, humanly speaking, a fine grape harvest was inevitable.

A certain change had come over Mitsos since the events of the night recorded in the last chapter. He suddenly seemed to have awakened to a sense of his budding manhood, and his cat, much to that middle-aged creature's satisfaction, was allowed to order her soft-padded basking life as she pleased. He used to go out early in the morning, while it was still hardly light, to try to get a shot at the hares which came down from the hills at night to feed in the vineyards, and at evening again he would lie near a spring below Mount Elias to shoot the roe when they came down to water. But during the day there was not much to be done; the game went high away among the hills to avoid the broiling heat of the plains, or staid in cover of the pine woods upon the mountain-sides, where the growth was too thick for shooting, and where it was inevitable they should hear the approach of a footstep, however stealthy.

The sudden and violent winds of the summer months set in, and Mitsos made it his business to know the birth hour of the land-breeze, the length of the dead calm that follows, and the hour when the sea-breeze again stirs the windless heaven. His boat might often be seen scudding across the bay and out into the water of the gulf outside, skirting round the promontories, running up into the creeks and inlets, until, as Nicholas had told him he should do, he got to know the shape of the land as he knew the shape of his own hand. Above all, he would practise beating out to sea in the teeth of the sea-breeze, and running out to a given point in as few tacks as possible. Then, when the sea-breeze died away, he would put into some inlet, fish for a little, and then sleep, curled up in the bottom of the boat, till the land-breeze got up, and then he would run back again in the teeth of the wind past Nauplia, and up the side of the bay, where he beached his boat. In these long hours, alone on the sea, he would sit in the stern, when the boat was well off on some two-mile tack and required no attention, thinking intently of the new life which was beginning for him. Though Nicholas's stories and the tales he constantly heard of oppression and outrage made him sympathize with and even feel personally the desire for revenge, it was of Nicholas himself that he mainly thought. The man had long been acquiring the domination a man can have for a boy, and the main desire and resolve of his mind was to obey Nicholas, whatever he might tell him to do. It was almost more than a desire: it was an instinct overmastering and unique. His father, far from making objections to his spending his time in sailing and shooting, encouraged him to do it, for Nicholas had told him to hire labor whenever he wanted some one to take Mitsos's place, saying that the club at Athens had authorized him to make such payments. Mitsos, in fact, had definitely entered into the service of his country, and it was only right that his father should receive the equivalent of his wages.

But during these months there was little or no farm-work to be done. Early in July Constantine had put up a little reed-built shed on posts in his vineyard, where he spent most of the day, in order to frighten away the birds that came to eat the grapes. He sat there playing with his string of beads, which he passed to and fro between his hands, every now and then stopping to sling a small stone at a bird he saw settling in the vines. The sparrows were the greatest enemies, for they would fly over in flocks of eighty or a hundred, and settle in different parts of the vineyard, and when he cleared one quarter, and turned to clear another, the first flock would fly back and resume their operations. He had an almost exaggerated dislike to taking the funds of the club unless it was absolutely necessary to have an extra hand, and until the last week before the harvest he managed alone. But then—for the grapes were juicy and full, and a single bird, holding on a bush with its claws and feeding away indiscriminately, would spoil half a pound of grapes—he hired a boy from Nauplia, and erected another shed some fifty yards off. There they would sit from sunrise to sunset, and at sunset Mitsos returned brown and fresh from the sea, with his black hair still dripping from his evening bath, and an enormous appetite. He and Constantine sat together till about nine, and then Mitsos would go off to the café, following Nicholas's instructions, and play cards or draughts, and listen to every word that was said.

One evening, just before the vintage began, he returned earlier than usual, with a frown on his face. His father was sitting on the veranda, not expecting him yet.

“Have you heard,” said Mitsos, “what these Turks are going to do about the vintage?”

“About the vintage? No.”

“Instead of paying one-tenth to the tax-collector, we have to pay one-seventh; and instead of paying in grapes, we have to pay in wine.”

“One-seventh! it is impossible.”

“It is true.”

“Where did you hear it?”

“Just now, at the café in the square. They are all clacking and swearing right and left, and the soldiers are patrolling the streets.”

Constantine got up.

“I must go, then,” he said. “This is just what Nicholas didn't want to happen. Have there been blows between the soldiers and the Greeks?”

“Yanko knocked a Turkish soldier down such a bang for calling him a dog, and he got up with two broken teeth. They took him and put him in prison.”

“The fat lout shall eat stick from me when he comes out,” said Constantine. “As if knocking a soldier down took away the tax! Is Father Andréa there?”

“I passed him just now on the road,” said Mitsos, “going to the town.”

Constantine went into the house to get his stick.

“Don't come with me,” he said; “I'll catch Father Andréa up, and make him tell them to be quiet. He can do what he pleases with that tongue of his.”

Constantine hurried off and caught Father Andréa up before he entered the town. “Father,” he said, “I want you to stop this; they will listen to you. Remember what Nicholas said.”

Father Andréa nodded. “I heard there was something going on, and I am here for that reason. Nicholas is right. We must pay the extra tax, and for every pint of wine we pay we will exact a gallon of blood. Ah, God! how I have fasted and prayed one prayer—to wash my hands in the blood of the Turks!”

“Softly,” said Constantine; “there is the guard.”

The guard at the gate would not let them pass at first; but Andréa, without a moment's hesitation, said that he was a priest going to visit a dying man, who wished to make a confession with Constantine as witness, and they were admitted.

“God will forgive me that lie,” he said, as they passed on. “It is for His cause that I lied.”

Since Mitsos's departure the disturbance had increased. There were some forty or fifty Greeks collected in the centre of the square, and the Turkish soldiers were coming out one by one from the barracks and mingling with the crowd. The Greeks, according to their custom, all carried knives, but were otherwise unarmed; the Turks had rifles. There was a low angry murmur going up from the people, which boded mischief. Just as they came up, Father Andréa turned to Constantine:

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2115.

"Stop outside the crowd," he said; "do not mix yourself up in this. They will not touch me, for I am a priest."

Then, elbowing his way among the people, he shouted: "A priest—a priest of God! Let me pass."

The Greeks in the crowd parted, making way for him as he pushed through, conspicuous by his great height, though here and there a Turkish soldier tried to stop him. But Andréa demanded to be let into the middle of them with such authority that they too fell back. He was already well among the people, when two voices detached themselves, as it were, from the angry low murmur, shrilling up in loud, violent altercation, and the next moment a Greek just in front of him rushed forward and stabbed a Turk in the arm. The soldier raised his pistol and shot him dead. The man turned over on his face and lay quite still. There was a moment of dead silence, and then the murmur grew shriller and louder, and the crowd pressed forward. Andréa held up his hand.

"I am Father Andréa," he shouted, "whom you know. In God's name, listen to me a moment. Silence there, all of you!"

For a moment there was a lull at the raised voice, and Andréa took advantage of it.

"The curse of all the saints be upon the Greek who next uses his knife!" he cried. "Who is the officer in command?"

A young Turkish officer standing close to him turned round.

"I am in command," he said, "and I command you to go, unless you would be seized with the other ringleaders."

"I shall not go; my place is here."

"For the last time, go."

"I offer myself as a hostage for the good conduct of the Greeks," said Andréa, quietly. "Let me speak to them, and then take me, and if there is more disturbance kill me."

"Very good," said the officer. "I have heard of you. But stop the riot first, if you can. I desire bloodshed no more than you."

The group had now collected round them, still waiting irresolutely, in the way a crowd does round any one who seems to have authority. Father Andréa turned to them.

"You foolish children," he said, "what are you doing? The Sultan has added a tax, it is true, but will it profit you to be killed like dogs? You have knives, and you can cut a finger nail with knives, and these others have guns. This poor dead thing learned that, and he has paid for his lesson. Is it better for him now that he has wounded another man? And those of you who are not shot will be taken and hanged. I am here unarmed, as it befits a priest to be. I am a hostage for you. If there is further riot you yourselves will be shot and hanged, and I shall be hanged, and the tax will be no less than before. So now to your homes."

The crowd listened silently—for in those days to behave with aught but respect to a priest was sacrilege—and one by one they put back their knives into their belts, but still stood there.

"Come, every man to his home," said Andréa again. "Let those who have wine shops close them, for there has been blood spilt to-night."

But they still stood there, and the murmur rose and died and rose again, like a sound carried on a gusty wind, until Andréa, advancing to them, laid his hand on the shoulder of one of the men.

"Christos," he said, "there is your home, and your wife waits for you. Go home, man."

The man, directly and individually addressed by a stronger, turned away and went, and the others dispersed. Then Andréa spoke to the officer again.

"Come, take me," he said, "for three days, or six if you will, until you are satisfied that things are quiet again."

The officer stood for a moment without replying. Then, "I wish to treat you with all courtesy," he said; "you have saved me a great deal of trouble to-night. But perhaps it will be better if you stop in my quarters for an hour or two, though I think we shall have no more of this. With your permission I will give you in custody."

And with the fine manners of his race, which the Greeks for the most part could not understand, and so distrusted, he beckoned to two soldiers, who led him off to the officer's quarters.

The Turkish captain remained in the square an hour longer, but the disturbance seemed to be quite over, and he followed Father Andréa.

"You will smoke or drink," he said, laying his sword on the table.

"I neither smoke nor drink," said Andréa.

The officer sat down, looking at him curiously.

"You hate us, of course," he said, "and you can clearly do what you like with your countrymen. Would you mind telling me why you stopped the riot?"

Father Andréa smiled. "For the reason I gave the rioters; is that not sufficient?"

"Quite sufficient; it only occurred to me there might be a further reason. I will not detain you any longer. I am sure no further disturbance will take place."

Andréa rose, and for a moment the two men faced each other. They were both good types of their race—the Greek fearless and hot-blooded, the Turk fearless and phlegmatic.

"I wish you good-night," said the captain. "Perhaps we shall meet again. My name is Mehemet Sali. You owe nothing to me, nor I to you. You stopped the riot and saved me some trouble for reasons of your own. I have detained you till I am satisfied there will be no more disturbance, so if we meet again, no quarter of either side, for we shall be enemies."

"I shall neither give you quarter nor ask for it," said Andréa.

The vintage began the next week, and for the time Mitsos abandoned boat and gun and occupied himself with it. Constantine had certain little methods of his own about making wine, as to the amount of fermentation before finally putting it into the cask from which it would be drawn off for use, and the measure of resin to be put in, and the particular quality of the resin, which Mitsos knew, and which were as unteachable as the unwritten law of tea-making. The small vineyard close to the house, which was all that was left to Constantine after the seizure of his bigger vineyard by the Turk, contained his best vines, which, being nearer the house, had naturally always received the most attention. These, again, were divided into two classes, most of them being the ordinary country grape; but the other was a nobler grape from Nemea, which yielded the finest wine. It was always gathered last, and fomented in a cask by itself.

The evening before the grape-picking began several girls from the neighboring farms came to find labor in the gathering for a couple of days, as the grapes would not be ready in the farms round for a day or two yet. Constantine engaged four of them, who came early next morning, just as he and Mitsos were getting the big two-handled panniers ready to carry to the vineyard. Spiro, the boy who had been employed for the last week in scaring birds, was also engaged for the picking, and in all they were seven. For the first three-quarters of an hour they all picked together, until two of the big baskets were full, which they carried off to the press to begin treading. The press was an old stone-built construction, covered outside with creepers and coated inside with fine stucco, and stood close to the house. The bottom of it was on a slope down towards a small wooden sluice which opened from its lower end, and which could be raised from the inside when there was sufficient must trodden to fill a barrel. Mitsos had spent the previous day in washing and scouring it, scrubbing the sides with powdered resin, and when Spiro had wanted to assist in treading the grape instead of gathering, Mitsos looked scornful, and only said: "We do not make wine for you to wash in. Go back to the picking."

They poured the two big panniers of grapes into the vat—stems, stalks, and all—and after turning his trousers up to his knees, and scrubbing his feet and legs in hot water, Mitsos stepped into the vat and began the treading. The grapes were ripe and juicy, and the red stuff soon began to splash and spirt up, staining his legs. Another basket came before he had got the first two well under, and by degrees the pickers gained on him. The day was hot, and the vat, which had at first stood in the shade, lay under the full blaze of the sun before a couple of hours were over. About nine o'clock Constantine, who had brought up another basket with Spiro, looked into the vat to see whether it was time to open the sluice to let the must out of the barrel.

"There's a barrelful there," he said to Mitsos, "but it is not trodden enough yet. You'd better have some one to help you."

Mitsos paused a moment and wiped his face with the back of his hand.

"I am broiled," he said. "Yes, send one of the girls. Make her wash first."

Constantine laughed.

"There speaks Nicholas," he said, "who is always right."

So Maria was sent to help Mitsos. She was a pretty girl, about seventeen years old, fawn-eyed and olive-skinned. As she stood on the edge of the vat before stepping in, with her shoes off and her skirt tucked up, Mitsos found himself noticing the gentle curve of her calf muscle from the ankle to behind the knee, and how prettily one foot broadened as she rested her weight on it for a moment. He gave her his hand to help her down into the vat, and their eyes met a moment.

"We shall do nicely now," he said.

Constantine meantime had fetched one of the barrels, open at the top, and with a tap about six inches above the bottom, from which the fermented liquid would be decanted when it was clear, and placing it under the sluice, looked over to see if the must was sufficiently trodden. No baskets had come in for a quarter of an hour, and Mitsos and Maria between them had reduced the whole of the must to a uniform consistency.

"It is ready now," he said to Mitsos. "Raise the sluice."

The must had risen above the handle by which the sluice was raised at the lower end of the vat, and Mitsos and Maria fished about for half a minute or so before they found it. Once they grasped each other's fingers, and both exclaimed, triumphantly, "I've got it!"

Maria found it first, but the wood had swollen with the scouring of the day before, and it was stiff, so Mitsos had to raise it himself.

The purple mass of pulp, juice, stalks, and skins poured riotously out as he raised it, splashing Constantine, and foaming into the barrel with a lusty noise. When it was three-quarters full Constantine told Mitsos to close the sluice again, for in the process of fermentation the must would swell to the top, and he and Spiro took the barrel off into the veranda, out of the sun, and covered it with a cloth.

They all rested for an hour at mid-day, and ate their dinner in the shade of the poplar by the spring. The others had brought their food with them, with the exception of Maria, who said she was not hungry and didn't wish to eat. But Mitsos fetched her some bread and some fresh cheese, cool and sweet from the cellar, and Maria's want of appetite vanished before these things, and after dinner they all lay down and slept for half an hour or so. Maria had moved off under another tree, where she lay with her hands clasped behind her head, and her mouth half open, showing her white teeth. She had drawn up one leg, and her short skirt showed it bare to above the knee. Mitsos stood looking at her a moment, thinking how pretty she looked sleeping, and wondering why it had never occurred to him before that she was pretty, when she woke and saw him standing in front of her. She sat up quickly, and drew her skirt down over her leg, and a faint tinge of red showed under her skin.

"Is it time to go on?" she said. "Oh, how sleepy I am!"

"I will help you up," said Mitsos, putting out his hand.

But she only laughed, and got up without his assistance.

Then the work went on till nearly sunset; a second barrel and a third were filled, and taken away to the veranda, where they were put on trestles and covered like the first, and as there would not be time to fill a fourth before sunset, they stopped work for the day.

Mitsos and Constantine ate their supper together, but afterwards Mitsos said he would not go to the café: he was sleepy, and was soon going to bed. The two sat there in silence for the most part—Constantine smoking and playing with his beads, and Mitsos lying full length on the floor of the veranda, intermittently eating a cherry from the remains of their supper.

About nine he got up and stretched himself.

"I shall go to bed," he said. "How pretty Maria is! Do you know, father, I never noticed before that girls were pretty!"

Constantine smiled.

"We all notice it sooner or later," he said. "I noticed it when I was younger than you."

"Did you? What did you do then?"

"God granted me to marry the one I thought the prettiest."

"My mother? I hardly remember her. But I am not going to marry Maria."

The second day was devoted to picking the remainder of the ordinary grapes, which Mitsos and Maria trod as on the day before; and Mitsos, feeling a desire to which he had hitherto been a stranger—to look well in a girl's eyes—told Maria stories about shooting, and they talked away in the most friendly manner. The girls were not required for the third day's picking, and in the evening Constantine paid them their two days' wage. Mitsos walked back with Maria through the garden, and they washed their feet of the must at the spring together. A little further on they came on the cherry-tree, and here he told her to hold out her apron while he picked some cherries for her. Something in his conduct seemed to amuse Maria, for as they said good-night at the gate she broke out into a laugh.

"Good-night, Mitsos," she said. "Will you come to my wedding?"

Mitsos, in spite of his determination of the night before, felt a perceptible shock.

"Your wedding? Whom are you going to marry?"

"Yanko; at least, so I think. He has asked me, and I have not said 'no.'"

"That ugly brute!"

Maria laughed again.

"I don't find him ugly; at least, not to matter."

Mitsos recollected his manners.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I like Yanko very much. He knocked a Turkish soldier down last week such a bang!"

"Oh, he's a very good man," said Maria, walking off.

Mitsos went slowly back to the house, feeling slightly ill-used.

The third day was devoted to the gathering of the finer grapes, which were fermented by themselves in a separate barrel. These they all picked together, until all the vines but one were stripped; but instead of throwing them into the cask stalk and all, they picked each grape separately off the bunches and shed them into the cask, until there was a layer some fifteen inches deep. Mitsos trod these as before, while his father and Spiro went on picking the grapes, and when they were sufficiently pulped he poured into them about a quart of brandy. More grapes were then put in, trodden, and more brandy was poured into them. When the cask was three-quarters full they moved it away with the others, but covered it more closely with two layers of woollen blanket. The remainder of the fine grapes were sufficient to fill another half-barrel.

Then there came the final act of the vine gathering—a bit of pagan rite surviving from the time when the rout of Dionysus laughed through the vineyard. Mitsos fetched a big bowl from the house, and Constantine cut, instead of picked, all the grapes from the remaining vine. These he placed in the bowl, and left in the middle of the vineyard for the birds to eat.

For the next two days the must required no attention, though the fermentation, owing to the heat of the weather, was going on very rapidly, and by the end of the second day the thin, acrid smell could be perceived from almost any part of the garden. Once or twice Constantine raised the cloths which covered the cask to see how it was getting on, and drew a little from the tap at the bottom of the barrel. But the stuff was still thick, and had not cleared sufficiently to be disturbed yet.

On the second day Mitsos went off to get fresh resin for the wine-cask. The ordinary pine resin was usually used by Greeks for this, but Constantine always preferred the resin from the dwarf pine, which was less bitter, and finer in quality. The sides of Mount Elias were covered with the ordinary pine, but the dwarf pine only grew on the hills round Epidaurus, a five hours' journey off. Mitsos took his gun with him, on the chance of seeing some game, and started before the sun was up, for the way led over low hills without shelter of any kind, a day-long target for the sun. The dwarf pines grew on the hill-sides above the old Greek theatre, and he got there rather before ten o'clock. The sun, already high, drew up the heavy dew of the night before, and the air was quivering and shaking with heat. The pines grew more like bushes than like trees, with trunks sprawling along the ground, some of them covering a space of ten yards square. He selected a place near the root, and cut off a piece of bark some few inches square, in order that the resin might drip from the wounded side. He cut a dozen or so of these places on different trees, placing below each a flat stone to catch the dripping. In a few days' time there would be sufficient resin collected for the year's wine. In several trees he found the places he had cut in previous years, in some of which, when the flow of resin had continued after he had removed it for the wine, it had gone on dripping until a little pillar like the slag-wax from a candle stood up between the stone and the tree. He cut off one of these to see whether it was still good; but the damp had soaked into it, and the outside surface was covered with a gray fungus growth, which rendered it useless.

He ate his dinner under the shade of the ordinary pine, which grew higher up the slope, and waited till the sun had lost its noonday heat, dozing, and wondering what the next year would bring for him. He had no idea what Nicholas would call on him to do, but he was willing to wait. The love of adventure and excitement was very strong in him, though he was content to go on living his usual life from day to day. Nicholas, he knew, would not fail; some day, he knew not when, the summons would come, and he would obey blindly. Then he thought of the horrible scene which Nicholas and he had looked on three months ago, when they saw that dead, misshapen thing dangling from a tree, and his blood began to boil, and the desire to avenge the wrongs done to his race stirred in him. "Spare not man, woman, or child," Nicholas had said.

He lay back on the short turf and began to think about Maria. Supposing Maria had been a Turkish woman, and Nicholas had come up to him, while he was looking at her sleeping the other day and told him to kill her, would he have been able? could he have struck anything so soft and pretty? Fancy that heavy lout Yanko marrying Maria! He was all fat, and sat drinking all day at the wine shop, yet he was never drunk like a proper man, and he was seldom sober. Then Mitsos for the first time in his life became analytical, though he did not know what it meant—why was it that since the day he stood in front of Maria as she lay asleep he had regarded women somehow with different eyes? Hitherto he had thought of them in the obvious straightforward sense in which they are presented to a Greek boy—as beasts of burden, hewers of wood and drawers of water, inferior beings who waited on one at table, and, when the men were gone, chattered shrilly and volubly to one another like jays, about all sorts of uninteresting things—creatures altogether unfit for the companionship of men. But since that moment he or they had changed: there was something wonderful about them, which men did not share. Something demanding protection, even tenderness, affording one food for vague disquieting thought. It was very odd. He had not understood at all why Nicholas had spoken as he had of his wife, except in so far that she was a possession of which the Turks had robbed him. But Mitsos could think of nothing the loss of which would make him devote his life to the extermination of the race that had robbed him of it. Even if the Turks took away his gun, he realized that he would not wish to destroy the whole race for that. The brutal hanging of a man was a different matter. A man was a man; and a woman—well, that woman was Nicholas's wife. Suppose the Turks killed Maria, would that be worse than if they killed, say, Nicholas? Well, not worse—not nearly so bad, in fact—but somehow different.

Thus Mitsos knocked at the door of the habitation called love and waited for some one to open it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WHEAT-LANDS OF WASHINGTON.

BY ISRAEL C. RUSSELL.

One of the most dramatic incidents in the geological history of America is recorded by the vast overflows of molten rock in the far Northwest, now termed the Columbia lava. The surface of the lava has been changed to a wonderfully rich soil, which now produces annually millions of bushels of wheat.

The extent of country covered by the Columbia lava is not accurately known, but careful estimates place it at from 200,000 to 250,000 square miles—an area from four to five times as great as that of Pennsylvania. Snake River, where it forms the boundary between Washington and Idaho, has carved a magnificent canyon 4000 feet deep in the hard black lava without revealing its maximum thickness. The average depth of this vast surface covering of once fused rock is by estimate fully 3000 feet. All of the lavas poured out by the volcanoes of the world within historic times, if run together, would equal only a small fraction of the basalt which occupies large portions of Washington, Oregon, California, and Idaho.

The Columbia lava is not one vast flow from half a mile to a mile in thickness, but consists of many individual sheets, which were spread out one over another at intervals during a large part of what is known as the tertiary period of the earth's history. Many of the separate sheets are from 80 to 150 feet thick. Between them there are occasionally widely extended layers of clay and sand, containing leaves of ancient forests and the bones of strange and now extinct mammals. In some instances, too, the surfaces of the lava sheets decayed and formed soil, on which forests of oaks and pines took root and flourished before the next succeeding inundation of molten rock. In places the charred remains of these forests occur beneath the lava sheets, the heat of which partially consumed them. In other localities the forests were buried beneath showers of volcanic dust, which fell on them as the snow falls in our woods in winter. These coverings of frequently pure white volcanic dust protected the trees from the heat of the lavas that subsequently flowed over them, and heated waters bringing silica in solution changed the still upright trunks to stone. Where streams have cut deep gorges through the succession of lava sheets these fossil trees have again, after millions of years of darkness, been brought to the light. On breaking open the great trunks we find that each molecule of the wood has been replaced by opal; but each ring of growth, each cell and sap-duct, is as perfect as in the wood that burns in our camp fire. Several such fossil forests may sometimes be seen in the wall of a single ravine. The time that witnessed the outpouring of the Columbia lava was surely long as measured in years.

No volcanoes have been found from which the Columbia lava flowed, and there are reasons for believing that it came to the surface of the earth through fissures. The earth's crust was fractured, and vast inundations of molten and highly fluid rock poured out and spread widely without making volcanic mountains.

The mountains of western Idaho and northern Washington consist of granite, schist, etc., and stood as deeply sculptured ranges before the Columbia lava flowed about their bases. The low lands, extending far away to the south, were inundated by the molten lava, and hills were buried from sight. As flood succeeded flood, outstanding mountain spurs became capes and headlands in the sea of fire, and detached mountain-peaks were either submerged or transformed into islands. Marked changes, which may still be easily recognized, were thus made in the topography of the land.

There are two localities in Washington from which the story of these marvellous events which prepared the land for the wheat harvest may be read in the topography as from a printed page. Let us visit these instructive points of view.

When the outpourings of lava ceased, the streams from the mountains of Idaho and Washington flowed across the at first desolate plain, and began the task of eroding trenches through it. The stream that has made the most rapid progress in its appointed task is Snake River. On the crest of the canyon of that stream in the extreme southeast corner of Washington there is a remnant left by erosion which is higher than any other peak or crest in its vicinity, and is known as Mount Wilson.

An observer standing on the summit of Mount Wilson has around him the remnants of a deeply dissected plateau. Each principal stream is in a profound gorge or canyon from three to four thousand feet deep. The rocks between the vast labyrinth of sunken-stream channels are precipitous, and rise to sharp crests and ragged peaks. On every hand are black basaltic rocks in even horizontal courses. Through all of the multitude of architectural forms which simulate castle towers and cathedral spires, run the heavy courses of the horizontal masonry, from which rain and frost, rills and rivers, have fashioned temples, sombre in color, but rich in sculpture.

Looking eastward from Mount Wilson, we behold the mighty gorge that the river far down in the depths has slowly excavated in the dense resistant rocks. The distance to the fringe of pines on the opposite brinks of the great depression is not less than fifteen miles. The descent to the narrow thread of water, dark in the shadow of cliffs or gleaming with foam in the sunlight, is about 4000 feet. The sides of the canyon are deeply scored by lateral gorges, and between them sharp mountainlike buttresses with rugged crests extend far out, and finally descend in nearly vertical cliffs to the river. Fully fifty miles of the great canyon are in plain view. Throughout this entire extent there are multitudes of ridges and peaks variously sculptured, many of which are veritable mountains in themselves, although overshadowed and dwarfed by the mighty wall that rises to form the outer margins of the wonderfully diversified excavation the river has made.

There is but one river in America that has left a more striking record of its power than the one before us. That is the Colorado. The gorgeous coloring that gives the Grand Canyon of the Colorado so much of its fascination is wanting in the canyon of Snake River, but the forms and the sculpturing of walls, battlements, and towers are much the same.

The one feature to which I wish to direct your attention, after the feeling of wonder that the first glance into the great canyon before us inspires, is this: although the horizontal bands formed by the edges of lava sheets may be traced along the upper portion of the canyon walls as far as the eye can reach on either hand, yet in the depths at one's feet other rocks are revealed.

From the bottom of the canyon crystalline rocks, consisting mostly of schist, rise far into the horizontally bedded basalt. This is a portion of the old land surface which was buried by the lava inundation. The schists exposed in the canyon walls really form the summit of a mountain range. The lower sheets of lava abut against the sides of the ancient mountain, while those higher in the series extend farther over its sloping side. Finally, at an elevation of about 2500 feet above the river, the horizontal sheets of basalt extend over the crest of the range. The river has not yet cut deep enough to reveal the base of the buried mountain, which is probably fully a thousand feet below, as there are no loose fragments or soil on the slopes that have been revealed. The lava was spread out sheet on sheet, until it not only covered the crest of the mountain, but buried it beneath 1000 to 1500 feet of solid rock.

Snake River, in excavating for itself a channel leading from its fountains in the mountains to the sea, chanced to cross the buried mountain, and again exposed it to the attack of the winds and rain, which have renewed their work upon it.

The time that has elapsed since the Columbia lava was outpoured, and during which the hardened rock has been deeply dissected by streams, has been very long, as man measures time.

In the neighborhood of Mount Wilson the Columbia lava has been upraised so as to form a broad low dome, termed the Blue Mountains. This upraising insured deep dissection. Large portions of the lava-covered country have not been disturbed, and, where not crossed by streams flowing from neighboring highlands, still form broad level plateaus. It is on such plateaus that practically all of the extensive wheat-lands of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho are located.

The characteristics of the vast plateau surface, where not dissected by streams, are splendidly revealed from the summit of Steptoe Butte. This butte is an isolated island-like mountain-peak of ancient rock, which rises over a thousand feet above the surface of the surrounding sea of basalt. It is located in eastern Washington, midway between Snake and Spokane rivers, and about sixteen miles from the boundary of Idaho.

To compare Steptoe Butte to an island and the surrounding plateau to the sea is not a figure of speech. The molten lava actually flowed about the ancient mountain, and deeply submerged its base. The nearest shore with which it was formerly connected is twelve miles eastward. The country between is part of the lava plateau.

From the sharp summit of Steptoe Butte the forest-covered mountains of Idaho are in full view. The junction between the once molten sea of lava and the ancient coast can be as plainly traced as one can follow with the eye the outlines of the coast of Maine from the summit of Mount Desert Island. Between the forested headlands the yellow wheat-lands extend far into the mountain valleys. The floors of the valley are of basalt, and the ridges between them of quartzite.

To the north, west, and south, to an observer of Steptoe Butte, the view is limitless. As far as the eye can reach on a clear, brilliant day there is nothing in sight but the vast level plateau, which extends to the horizon, and can be compared with nothing but the ocean. It is a stormy sea, for the surface of the plain is roughened by short hills, with level-floored valleys between. The horizon-line is slightly undulating, like the sky-line at sea after a gale. The boundless plain, once a rolling prairie, without a tree or shrub, is now a patch-work of brown and yellow. The brown is the color of the ploughed soil; the yellow, the golden of grain-fields. Literally every acre in sight is under cultivation.

What impresses the stranger as a peculiar fact is that not a habitation is in sight, except near the base of the pyramid on which he stands. There are hundreds of houses amid the grain-fields, however, but they are in the sheltered hollows, and hidden from sight.

There is not a stream or lakelet visible. The land is seemingly without water. The hill-sides are smooth and even. Not a trace of a rill-cut channel can be seen anywhere in the soft soil of the hill-sides, or in the flat, even bottoms of the valleys.

On descending from our lookout, and traversing the rolling and moderately hilly surface of the plateau, we find that the soil is as fine as flour, and that the plough moves through it as it would through so much meal. Not a stone, or even a grain of sand large enough to be visible to the naked eye, can be found in a day's search. This wonderful soil, the like of which no farmer born and bred east of the Appalachian Mountains has ever seen, is so porous that it absorbs every drop of rain that falls, and allows none to flow away to erode and wear the smooth surfaces of the hills. It is a remarkable fact that soil slopes having an inclination of twenty to thirty degrees are entirely without rill marks. The average annual precipitation is about seventeen inches, the greater part of which falls as snow during the mild winter season. As irrigation is impracticable, both on account of the absence of streams and the unevenness of the ground, it is evident that with such a small rainfall none of it can be wasted without endangering the harvest. Even when all the rain that falls and all the water furnished by melting snow is absorbed by the light, porous soil, the supply is not sufficient to insure an abundant wheat crop each year. The evaporation from ploughed fields during the summer season is less than when they are covered with growing grain. For this reason, as it seems, but one crop is taken from the land in two years. About one-half of the wheat-land lies fallow each year, and the rain of two winters is stored in the soil for the crop grown in alternate years.

The soil of the wheat-lands is dark brown, and almost black when wet, but at a depth of a few feet changes to a light yellow. This yellow subsoil is of essentially the same character and composition as the true soil, except that it lacks the organic matter, or humus, which is a precious inheritance from the centuries during which the plateau was a wild prairie-land. Organic matter is now added to the soil by ploughing-in the stubble of the wheat, but no fertilizers are used. Deep and rich as the soil is, there must come a time under the present system of cultivation when its more valuable elements, the potash, phosphoric acid, and lime, will have to be replenished.

It is an interesting fact that throughout the soil and subsoil of the wheat-lands not a trace is to be seen of the bright reds and yellows so characteristic of similar soils in warm, humid regions. The leaching of the soil by percolating waters has not progressed far enough to concentrate the peroxide of iron and enable it to impart its characteristic color to the residual product.

The subsoil in many places is from sixty to eighty feet deep. In fact, the average depth over many thousands of square miles is probably as great as the measures just given.

The origin of this truly wonderful soil can be easily traced to the disintegration and decay of the basaltic rocks which underlie it. At its base it passes downward, by invisible gradations, into decayed and loosened rock, and this again into solid black basalt. Chemical analyses of the soil and of the solid rock beneath show but minor differences. The soil was being prepared on the surface of the broad plateau, principally through the chemical action of percolating water charged with organic acids from the humus layer, during the time when Snake River was eroding its magnificent cañon.

While many cereals will grow well on the plateau of southeastern Washington, wheat is the only grain extensively cultivated. Apples and prunes also grow finely and without irrigation, and are remarkably large and rich in flavor; but the principal fruit-supply of the region is obtained from narrow sheltered lands in the bottom of Snake River canyon. In that gorge, 2000 feet deep where it crosses the wheat-land plateau, the climate is almost subtropical, and peaches, pears, apricots, plums, prunes, apples, etc., of excellent flavor and of remarkably large size and perfection of form, are raised in abundance. It is claimed, and apparently without exaggeration, that every fruit that can be raised in the United States, with the exception of oranges, lemons, and bananas, can be grown to perfection in Washington.

The wheat of Washington is of many varieties, but the beardless or club wheat seems to be the favorite. Spring and winter wheat are both cultivated in about equal proportions. The grain is "soft" in distinction from the "hard" wheat of Minnesota and the Dakotas, but is in high favor among millers. Some of it is shipped to Minneapolis to be ground with the wheat of that region.

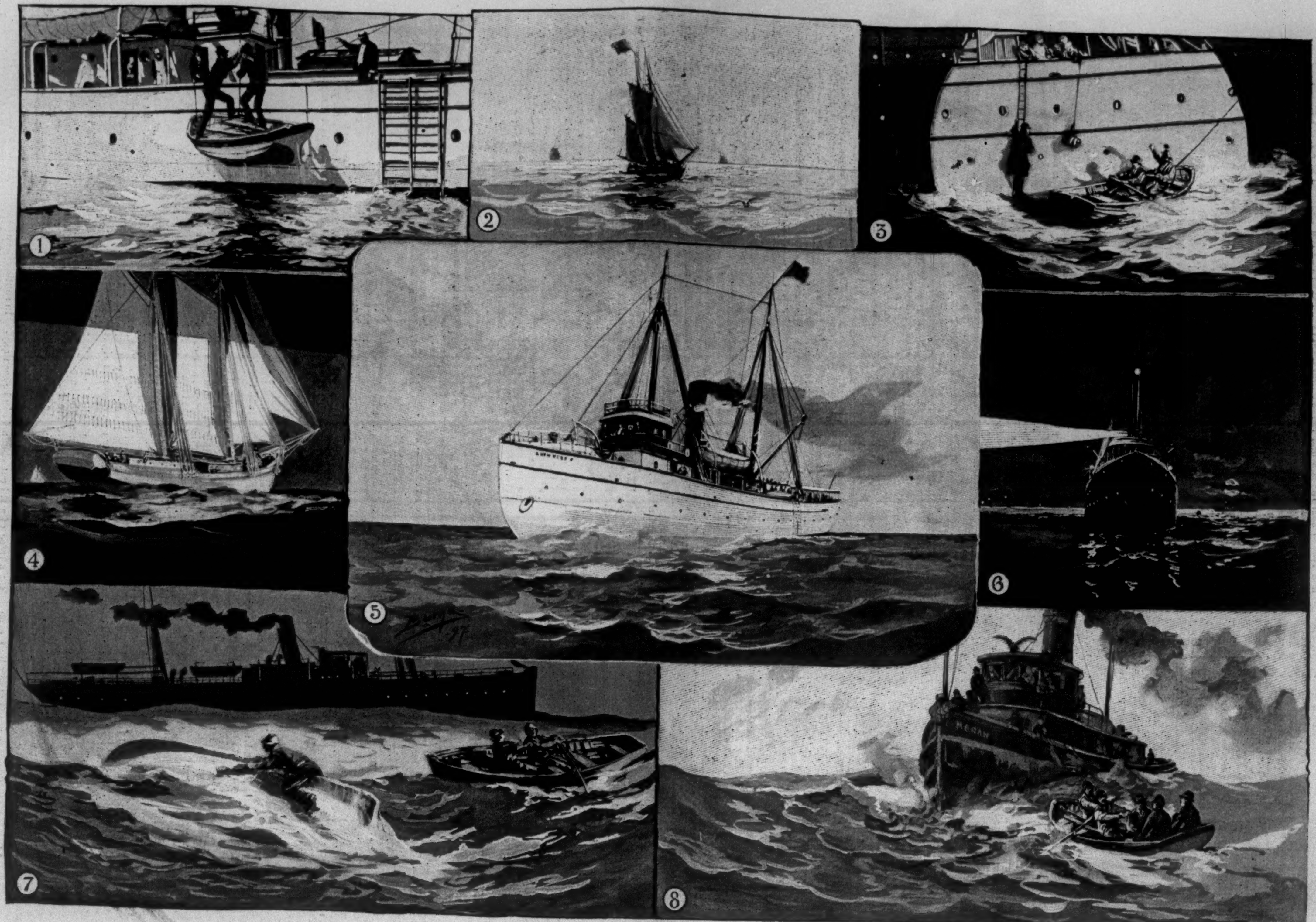
The wheat-fields are yellow and ready for the reapers by the middle of August in the western and more arid portion of the plateau, but near the mountains of Idaho the beginning of the harvest is delayed until late in September.

The fineness of the soil and the total absence of stones permit the use of the most improved farming machinery. Ploughs which turn several furrows at a time, and the most efficient harrows, pulverizers, and reapers, are seen everywhere. The wheat is mostly harvested by machines of two types, termed "self-binders" and "headers." The former reap the grain and bind it into sheaves as they pass along; the latter cut off the tops of the grain and carry them to "header-wagons," which are driven by the side of the reapers. These two types of modern reaping-machines are shown in operation in the accompanying illustrations. The loads of the header-wagons are stacked in the fields to await the steam threshing-machines, while the sheaves left scattered over the fields by the self-binders are brought together when the threshing is under way.

There is an absence of barns throughout the wheat-growing region, and the threshing is done in the open air, shelter not being provided for even the harvested grain. This improvident practice sometimes leads to disaster, as an autumn storm occasionally destroys the grain when it is sacked and ready for market. In this and many other ways carelessness and waste characterize the operations carried on in a region where Nature has been lavish with her blessings. The thrift and the comfortable homes formerly so characteristic of the sterile lands of New England are unfortunately absent from the rich wheat-lands of the far Northwest.

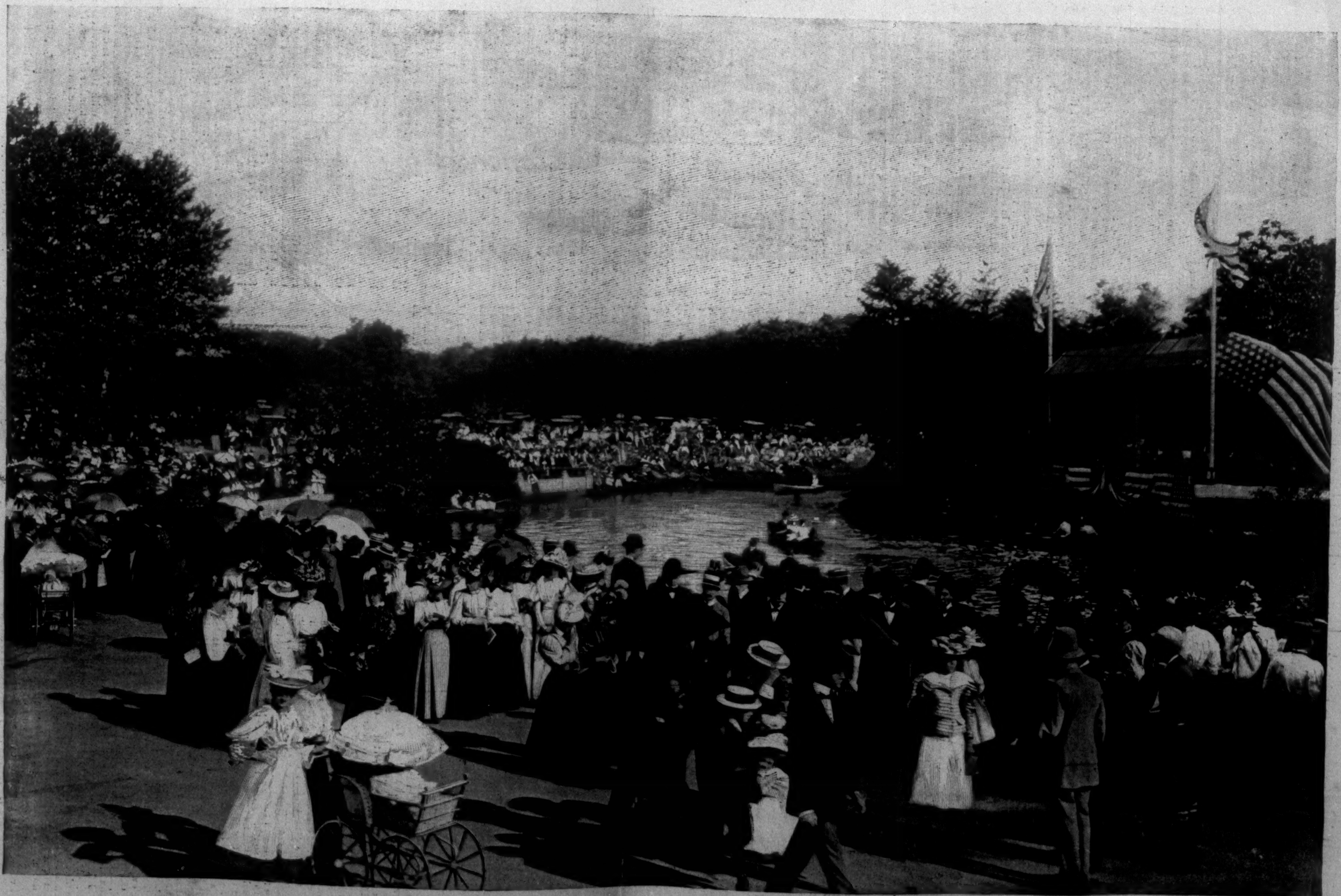
In Washington about one million acres of wheat-land are cultivated, of which over six hundred thousand acres are east of the Cascade Mountains and in the region occupied by the Columbia lava. The average yield for the entire State is from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre. In southeastern Washington the average yield per acre is about twenty bushels. During unusually favorable years this average is increased by one-half. In certain sections during unusually favorable years a yield of eighty bushels and more per acre has been reported.

Following the discovery that wheat can be grown with



PILOTAGE OFF SANDY HOOK—ON BOARD THE NEW STEAM PILOT-STATION BOAT "NEW YORK."—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

1. Hoisting a Yawl on Board. 2. A Pilot-Boat off Shore watching for Vessels. 3. The Pilot and his Baggage. 4. Picking up a Pilot-Schooner with the Search-Light. 5. A View of the Steam Pilot-Station Boat. 6. A Night View, showing Search-Light. 7. One of the many Dangers. 8. A good Chance for Home.



AN AFTERNOON CONCERT AT THE LAKE, PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.—[See "This Busy World," Page 731.]

profit and without irrigation on the broad basaltic plateau of Washington and neighboring States, there came marvellous developments in many other directions. Hundreds of miles of railroads have been built across the once desolate lava plains and through the sombre canyons. Numerous towns and hundreds of hamlets have sprung into existence.

The largest and most flourishing town south of Snake River is Walla Walla, situated on the banks of a bright clear stream that flows from the Blue Mountains. This substantial town of about five thousand inhabitants is the centre of an extensive and prosperous farming community, and is the site of a military post and of a State prison. It has little in the way of natural beauty to commend it, except the deeply sculptured hills to the south, which are yellow with wheat-fields. Whitman College is there located, and although at present a small institution, strenuous efforts are being made to enlarge its endowment and greatly to increase its efficiency.

Walla Walla holds an important place in the history of Washington, for the reason that Marcus Whitman there established a mission in 1836, and founded the first white settlement in the State. It was from there the brave and far-seeing missionary started on his famous and truly heroic ride across the continent, for many hundreds of miles a pathless wilderness infested with savages, to inform President Tyler, at the capital city, of the promise of the unknown land to the west of the Rocky Mountains. This journey, which saved to the United States a region of great natural wealth as large as France and Germany combined, and completed the symmetry of a nation, is one of the most thrilling pages in American history.

The fairest portion of the great plateau of Washington lies to the north of Snake River, and is drained by the many branches of the Palouse. This stream is believed to have derived its name from the French word *pelouse*, meaning greensward, lawn, etc., in allusion to the boundless rolling prairies that existed there before the country was settled by the white man.

The "Palouse country" is adjacent to the forest-covered mountains of Idaho, and in many ways is an attractive and beautiful region. As already mentioned in attempting to describe the characteristics of the land as seen from the summit of Steptoe Butte, it is a rich farming region. Many of the towns in this section of the State, such as Pullman, Garfield, Palouse, Colfax, Rosalia, etc., although at present suffering from the general business depression they have recently experienced in common with the entire nation, certainly have promising futures.

A thriving Agricultural College and School of Science is located at Pullman, supported in part by a generous grant from the general government. An efficient corps of energetic and capable teachers and investigators, under the leadership of President Enoch A. Bryan, is there striving to diffuse general culture and a knowledge of scientific agriculture among an intelligent and receptive community the resources of which lie in the cultivation of the soil. Much of the future greatness of Washington depends on the support, both financial and moral, that this promising institution receives.

The villages and towns of eastern Washington, as is the case generally in the Far West, have a crudeness and lack of individuality that would seem harsh and unæsthetic to many dwellers in older communities. Many of the people are wanderers who have drifted westward without definite intentions of founding permanent homes. Even the farmers partake of something of the restless, adventurous spirit of the cowboy and the prospector. The genuine frontiersmen, who, like Whitman, braved many dangers for the sake of subduing a wild, unpeopled region, are fast passing away.

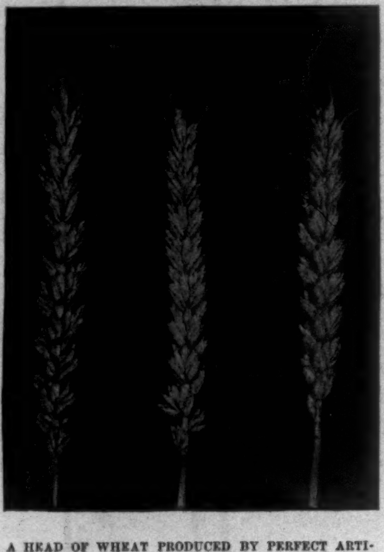
The finest and most prosperous city in eastern Washington, and the one for which destiny has in store a brilliant future, is Spokane—a city of about 25,000 inhabitants, situated in the valley of the river of the same name. This beautiful town has a solid basis for development and growth in its proximity to the wheat-lands on the one hand, and to extensive mining and lumbering regions on the other. It has also an abundant and never-failing water-power. Near at hand are kaoline deposits of remarkable purity, already utilized in a crude way in the manufacture of pottery, and quarries of excellent granite. Two important transcontinental railroad systems, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, pass through the city, and are rivals for its commerce. The municipal buildings, schools, churches, business blocks, and private residences compare favorably with those of many Eastern cities like Hartford, Trenton, Harrisburg, etc.

The influence of events in the remote geological history of Washington on the industries and thoughts of the present generation is again well illustrated at Spokane.

Spokane River, like Snake River, has its sources in the mountains to the east of the basaltic plateau across which it flows on its way to join the Columbia. Like Snake River, also, the Spokane has carved a deep canyon in the horizontal lava sheets, which, however, is broader in reference to its depth than is the case with the greater canyon to the south. After the river had excavated its channel to about its present depth, as revealed in the wild gorge below the city of Spokane, there came a climatic change which led to the accumulation of deep perennial snow and the development of glaciers on the mountains of Idaho. This was during the glacial epoch, when fully one-half of North America was ice-covered. The swift streams from the glaciers and snow-fields among the mountains were flooded, and carried such great quantities of sand, gravel, and bowlders down their steep channels that the rivers into which they discharged, the grades of which were low, were unable to bear the deposit all away. The channels of the overloaded rivers became partially filled, and their task of rock-cutting greatly delayed. The canyon of Snake River was filled in this manner to a depth of 360 feet, and that of the Spokane to a depth nearly as great. A similar episode is recorded of the canyon of the Columbia and of those of all its principal tributaries.

When the climate ameliorated, the rivers began the excavation of new channels in the deposits they had previously laid down. When the Spokane commenced this task it was meandering over the gravelly bottom of its partially filled valley, and retained its course as it slowly sank in its deepening channel. As the river intrenched itself, it was lowered upon rock spurs projecting from the sides of its buried rock-cut channel, and was thus greatly delayed in the task of re-excavating. One of the ledges that the river discovered in re-excavating its valley is to be seen in Spokane, and caused the cascade which led to the birth and rapid growth of that city.

There are many other examples in the geography of Washington that might be discussed did space permit, which have had a definite and determining influence on the advancing tide of civilization, and illustrate the fact that a knowledge of the geography of a State is one of the surest guides for its proper development.



A HEAD OF WHEAT PRODUCED BY PERFECT ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZATION. THE HEAD TO THE LEFT IS THE FEMALE; TO THE RIGHT, THE MALE.

THE BREEDING OF WHEAT.

SCIENTIFIC research, investigation, and experimentation have done much to undermine some notions in regard to heredity. For instance, the recent investigations into the nature of the tuberculosis bacillus have shown that it is a communicable, not an inherited bacillus, so that the ancient belief that consumption is an inherited disease, a penalty of heredity, appears to have gone the way of many another fallacy.

Yet in heredity there is still left us by the scientists much that will not yield. And while certain scientific people have been disproving some statements as to heredity, others have been discovering new and striking facts related to the inheritance of racial characteristics. In the one field of moral and intellectual inheritance there is a harvest to be reaped which the mental or physical scientist may not garner in generations.

But it is not to attempt discussion of the ethical or religious elements of heredity that this paper is prepared, but to describe, from the writer's stand-point as a layman, an exhaustive investigation into plant heredity, and the development or the creation of new plant life. When, as in this instance, the plant life which has been yielding up its secrets is one whose yellow fruit is for the refreshment of the nations, then the interest in its past and future becomes yet more vivid. The breeding of wheat, the establishment of new species, the registering of these new species in what might not inaptly be termed a plant herd-book, the study of the characteristics and peculiarities of the children of these new species, the occasional startling suggestions of atavism or reversion, the return of long dead types—these and much more have been made prominent in the investigations which it is the purpose of this paper to describe.

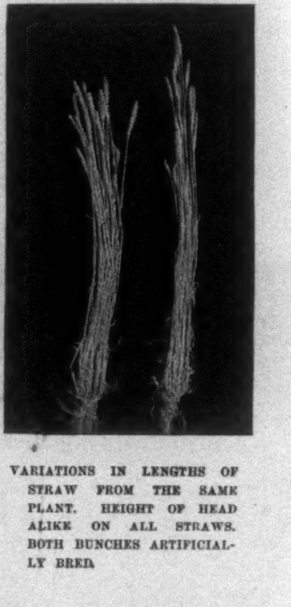
The study of the fertilization, or the pollenization, of plants and flowers has been one of the most fascinating and profitable branches of modern botany. Indeed, it comes so close to the realm of biology that others than the botanist have been attracted to it. Cross-fertilization, the creation of a new species or the strengthening of an old one by mixture, has long been popular with nature, and man as well. Volumes have been written—exhaustive treatises, theses, text-books, bulletins, and what not have found their way into print concerning this act, and no doubt a large amount of the information so spread broadcast over the world has stimulated interest in and won over to the scientific courses of the curriculum many who might otherwise have spent their college years at the genial hearthstone of the classics.

A WHEAT-BREEDER AT WORK IN THE FIELD.

But the work which has been under way for the past ten years at the State Experiment Station in connection with the Minnesota State University, the agricultural college of that State, in the selection, the fertilization, and the breeding of wheat and other grains, has had for its object not so much the arousing of interest on the part of scientific men as the establishing of new species of wheat, so bred that they would be able to produce larger yields of the great food staple of the world. The wheat of the Northwestern States has been recognized for years as of a superior quality; but if by these investigations and by the establishment of new species of grains the yield of the wheat region could be increased by so much as an average of one-half bushel to the acre, the new species of wheat thus formed would take the place of the old, excellent as they have proved.

The investigations have been, so far, remarkably successful. Of course much of the work is experimental, but some of the results have shown phenomenal increases in yields by the new wheats created. If only a tithe of the increase shown in one or two of the new varieties created is maintained when the wheat is more fully tested in the fields of the Northwest, the results will be of vast importance. If one-half a bushel additional per acre were added to the wheat crop of the three States of North and South Dakota and Minnesota in an average year, five million bushels of wheat would be added to the harvest of those commonwealths in a single season. The indications now are that these investigations, which have been conducted at State expense and for the general good of all, will result in giving to the farmers of the great wheat regions new varieties of wheat which shall yield yet more abundantly when the rich noble harvests of the wide prairies are garnered for the grinding of the flour of the nations.

Years must elapse in the cultivation of new wheats before definite results can be known. The data from which this paper is prepared are the result of some ten years of investigation and experimentation. When a new wheat is to be created, it must be a single-kernel act—there is no such thing as any wide wholesale reproduction. The creation of a new wheat is the work of the deft fingers of one man, who, aided by the marvellous unknowable functions of nature, produces a living, even if unsentient, being—such a one as has never before quickened and sprouted and blossomed and ripened under the blue skies of summer. The single isolated act of breeding must be followed by the kernel's fruition; once this is accomplished, there lie before the creator, at the end of the season, a few golden-hued grains—you could hold them all in the palm of your hand and have room to spare. It may be, most wonderful of possibilities, this single kernel shall become the parent of a noble race.



VARIATIONS IN LENGTHS OF STRAW FROM THE SAME PLANT. HEIGHT OF HEAD ALIKE ON ALL STRAWS. BOTH BUNCHES ARTIFICIALLY BRED.

It is out of these few hundreds of grains that, if the type is of the proper grade of merit, marvellous harvests are to spring, that vast mills are to be supplied with millions upon millions of bushels of wheat, to pass out to the hungry world in great train-loads of flour; it is from this handful of kernels may spring the prosperity of a nation. For, if this new grain life is to show its power of reproduction to be superior to that of the grains which have been in vogue, if it is to be more hardy and more rich and more prolific, all others must fall before it; in among the stalks of wheat no less than in the forum or in the modern marts of trade or among the present or prehistoric races of the earth the same inexorable law of the survival of the fittest must prevail.

There are hundreds of kinds of wheat the world over. Some of them are of little aid to commerce, either through inferiority of quality or paucity of yield. Many of them are of special fitness for their own region alone, and will not take kindly to other soils. One may thrive best on the wide plains of Hungary; another may ripen best under the fair skies of Greece; another, by the banks of Father Nile; still another and another and another may be best developed in different regions of great Russia.

While the great wheat-fields of the United States have been yielding magnificently in past years, and while there have been few signs of impoverished soils in some portions of the vast wheat region of the Northwest, yet there are forces at work in the soils, in the climate, in the wheat seed itself, occasionally to reduce the yield and to lead to questionings as to the future. With the introduction of new types of wheat, tested by a number of years of planting, new life enters the veins of the harvest, sure to promote a healthier circulation.

The breeding process is very interesting. Out in the nodding grain you may see a young man—perhaps an advanced student in the college, or, if the task be an exceptionally delicate one, maybe a professor from the institution. His work is to fertilize or to pollenize one wheat flower with another of a different type. The flower of wheat is self-fertilizing, and the same process is constantly carried on over and over again, the type of wheat maintaining itself through the centuries. The grain of wheat

HEADS OF WHEAT (ONE OF OATS), SHOWING HOW THE KERNELS DEVELOP AFTER FERTILIZATION, ONLY THE STRONGEST FLOWERS BEING USED, THE OTHERS BEING CUT AWAY FROM THE HEAD.

which may be found in the mummy windings in some death-home on the banks of the Nile will, if it has maintained its powers—as it is seriously claimed it may—germinate on some Western prairie, fertilize itself through its own flowers, just as its progeny would have done through all the years since the pyramids were builded, had it been given to the rich earth.

The wheat flower is what is called a perfect one, having all the essentials of reproduction within itself. The anthers, the small sacs filled with fructifying pollen grain, burst open, the yellow dust is sifted down upon the stigma, moist to catch and to hold the dust, germination takes place, a tubelike growth penetrates the stigma, grows down into the sac, or ovary, where the grain kernel is developed, and the new seed is formed. So great an authority as Henri de Vilmorin, of France, one of the greatest of the world's seedsmen, says that not once in ten thousand times does the grain of wheat result from pollen being supplied by another flower from the same or another plant. I shall not forget the wonderment which filled the fine face of this man, whose life has been spent in the midst of the largest seed industry of the world and in the agricultural service of the French government, when, in company with a party of World's Fair commissioners, representing the leading nations of the world, he looked for the first time upon the limitless yellow plains of the Dakotas when the harvest was ripe for the garnering.

But we must not wander from our young man in the field of grain. With delicate instruments he takes a head of the wheat which has just entered the flowering stage, cuts away the top and a part of the spikes at the bottom of the head, and leaves a dozen or so of the strongest flowers thus treated remaining on the head. This head will be of some well-known and vigorous type of wheat, grown from selected kernels. Another head from some other equally well-known species is similarly treated. The kernels were planted in the spring, in single hills twelve inches apart each way, and they have been cared for with the most scrupulous attention, in order that they may develop into the sturdiest strength.

When the two heads have been treated in this manner the operator deftly removes the anther from one flower of one type of wheat, and breaking it open, sifts the pollen it contains down upon the moist stigma of the other flower, having previously removed the anther from this latter flower, so that self-fertilization has been prevented. The operator has thus acted as an aid to nature, taking the two vital elements of reproduction, joining them, and adding thereby to the plants of the world a new life—most wonderful of acts. He has created, or aided nature to create, a new grain, with untold possibilities wrapped up in its delicate green home for the advancement of the commerce of the world.

This same process is carried on with a large number of plants of the same varieties of wheat; for, so delicate is the act of fertilization, and so liable is the operator to fail, even in the most skilful treatment, only a few out of the whole number treated can be expected to make a successful union.

All these wheat kernels are given numbers when they are selected for planting. These numbers they and their progeny hold through all the years of the experimentation. The numbers are recorded in a large book. Every step in the history of the family, through a term of years, is thus noted. It may be a decade before the full type-traits are known. Of course the greatest care is taken that there shall be no self-fertilization, and the defter the work of the student or professor, the more certain it is there will be no mistake.

When the work of fertilization has been completed, the head of wheat is wrapped about with tissue-paper and tied above and below, so that no outside influences of any kind may be allowed to undo the work of the operator. The results show successful fertilization in from six to ten per cent. of the heads treated.

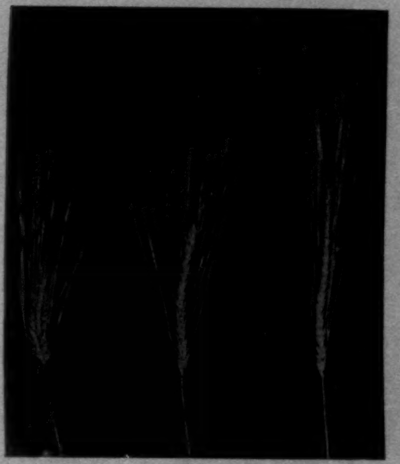
When once the product of the initial kernel of wheat is ripened and garnered great care is taken with it. It is carefully weighed and measured, and its weight in grams is recorded in the book which is to hold all its history. It is a precious head of wheat which tops out this nodding stalk. Its possibilities are beyond the ken of men. The kernels are carefully threshed out, and the best, and only the best, kernels of the head are kept. The operator takes the product of the head in his hand and throws it across a blanket. The poorest grains will fall short of a given line; the best and heaviest ones will go beyond. This is the method pursued in, say, the second or third year; the first year the operator will trust to nothing but his sight and judgment, and he picks out the best kernels, one by one. All the inferior kernels are thrown away. The aim is to select only the most hardy and excellent of kernels for the planting. With great care the kernels are kept isolated for the next year's planting; happy the experimenter if there be propitious weather from germination to garnering! And so the work progresses through the long series of years. Starting with a single kernel, the operator has long to wait until the increase from that single yellow particle is pronounced enough to be marked, but when that point is reached the increase will proceed with wonderful rapidity. Let us suppose that one of these new wheats which have been created, and which in a small way has been shown to be much superior to the wheats now in use, had the whole untilled grain-field of the earth before it, how long do you suppose it would be before this single isolated kernel would produce all the wheat used in the world?

In sixteen years, granting that but one crop were planted a year, and allowing the single kernel the whole wheat world for the development of its progeny, the single kernel would have multiplied into 76,886,718,750 bushels of wheat. The first year the single kernel would produce some twenty heads, say three hundred grains of wheat after the inferior ones had been thrown away. The next year the three hundred grains would ripen into enough to plant a fiftieth of an acre. The next year a twentieth of an acre would be planted, yielding two bushels of good seed-wheat. These two bushels would be sufficient to seed two acres of ground. Allowing that they would yield but fifteen bushels of good kernels that year, at the spring-time of the fifth year there would be enough grain to produce a harvest of four hundred and fifty bushels. The next year the increase would be fifteen-fold, and from that point on the ratio is one of enormous progression, reaching nearly eighty billion of bushels at the end of the sixteenth year. These figures are not, of course, to be demonstrated in any actual experimentation, but they indicate the enormous possibilities of a new species of wheat when once it is found to be better than the wheats which have preceded it.

In addition to all the tests for larger yields, a careful record is kept of the flour-producing qualities of the wheat. All the nutritious constituent parts of a first-class wheat are of course at hand, and the new wheat is measured up alongside of this standard, in order to see, if it should prove to be a large yielder, whether it will be able to make a superior brand of flour. Substations have been established in the State where these experiments have been conducted, where, on a larger scale than would be possible at the college itself, the new wheats which are all the time being created can be tested in acre or ten-acre plots, or even in still larger and more roomy quarters. The work began in the year 1886, under the direction of Professor W. M. Hayes, of the chair of Agriculture of the State university, and agriculturist in charge of the work of the agricultural college proper. He has given to the work much attention, and has added to his knowledge gained in much original investigation a strong desire to improve the wheats of the world. I am indebted to him for data in use in the preparation of this paper.

During the spring and summer of 1897 the wheats which have before been in a more or less experimental stage, because their cultivation had to be conducted on a very small scale, will be given more elbow-room, so to speak, at the substations, and will then speak for themselves. The results so far reached have shown that even the fine and rich wheat which has made the Northwest known the world over may be splendidly surpassed. Some of the experiments have indicated a yield of from ten to fifteen bushels per acre more than the wheats now in use, but this is deemed altogether too liberal an increase to be maintained in the field. It is not probable that any such increase will be noted when the new wheats are subjected to all the conditions with which the wheats now in use are obliged to contend; but if an increase of a half or a quarter of that amount should be shown—indeed, if, as has been stated, an increase of one-half a bushel per acre is established—the results will be of immense importance to the commerce of the world. The indications are that the increase in yield will be considerably more than the one-half bushel per acre.

VARIETIES OF ARTIFICIALLY BRED WHEAT.



RESULT OF CROSSING THE MANSHURI TYPE (TO THE LEFT) AND THE CHEVALIER (TO THE RIGHT), SHOWING A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.

The possibilities of such a decade of investigation as this are enough to bewilder one. While the work of creating new kinds of this staple product of the world is attended with much that is of a peculiar interest, to scientist and layman as well, it is yet work of the most practical nature. It is not too much to say that it promises to provide one of the most important and valuable contributions which science will have made to the coffers of commerce.

W. S. Harwood.

THE STEAM PILOT-BOAT "NEW YORK."

The steam pilot-boat *New York* went on "station duty" at the entrance to New York Harbor shortly after July 1. The advent of this boat in commission marks another change from the picturesque and dangerous to the practical and safe in this branch of maritime industry. It is the same change that has come over sea-going commerce in general since sails began to disappear and smoke-funnels and propellers began to take their places in the navigation of vessels.

The appearance of this pilot-steamship *New York* means as much to the commerce of the greatest port of this country as it does to the pilots themselves. It means a saving of time to outgoing and incoming ships, and it means a saving of life to the pilots themselves. There were 166 licensed pilots for New York Harbor up to November 30, 1895; these pilots were attached to twenty-nine fleet-sailing ships. The ships sailed where there seemed the most likelihood of intercepting incoming vessels. Some of them went as far to the east as Cape Sable and as far to the south as the Virginia capes. Frequently they sailed 2000 miles before getting a ship. The younger men in the business were daring. Sail was crowded on dangerously in racing for ships. No weather was too rough for an attempted boarding of a vessel. Frequently life was lost in these attempts, and often many a pilot-boat was blown on shore or disappeared forever in some terrible storm along the coast. Since 1858 no less than thirty-four pilot-boats and fifty-one pilots have been lost at sea.

This keen and dangerous competition came to an end on December 1, 1895. The pilots got together. They said that there was only a certain amount of work to be done and a certain number of men to do it. By requiring every man to do an equal share of work, the total receipts from pilot fees for the port could be divided equally, and the pilots could be assured of a reasonable income, and serious loss of life and great hardship could be avoided. It was decided to form an association, in which all the pilots should be equal shareholders.

This association bought up the twenty-nine sail pilot-boats, and retired all but about ten of them. It fixed three cruising stations to the east of New York Harbor, and three to the south. The most distant of these stations to the south was forty miles, off Barnegat, and to the east was thirty miles, off Fire Island.

Then it was decided to build the *New York* for station-duty work. It is the duty of the *New York* to take off pilots of outgoing vessels and to house ten other pilots, each remaining a week, for vessels which may have missed the cruising pilot-boats on their way to port. The distinct advantage in having a steam-vessel for this work is that on days when there is no wind an outgoing vessel may not be delayed in sending off its pilot, and on days when storms rage the home-station boat need not seek refuge, but will be able to weather the strongest gale,

The *New York* was built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, from designs by the well-known naval architect A. Cary Smith, the designer of some of the best-known yachts and steamboats in and about New York Harbor. She is 155 feet long, 28 feet wide, and draws 19 feet 7 inches of water. Her engines are of the compound type. She has accommodations for a permanent crew of about ten men, and room for a company of twenty-four pilots. She has a steam hoisting-gear for the lowering of boats when pilots come aboard or are sent off. She has an elaborate electric plant, and her powerful search-light has already been put to a practical test in the saving of the life of a man thrown overboard by accident. The illustrations by Mr. Burns depict admirably the life on the new boat, which is really a modern steamship, capable of going anywhere and weathering any gale.

It is probable that when the Pilots' Association gets out of debt, caused by the purchase of the sailing fleet, another boat like the *New York* will be built. It is necessary for such a craft to return to port frequently for coal, and hence the *New York* is kept at the home station. Her appearance marks the complete end of the "cruise-where-you-like" system. Pilots for New York Harbor henceforth will cruise "on soundings" only.

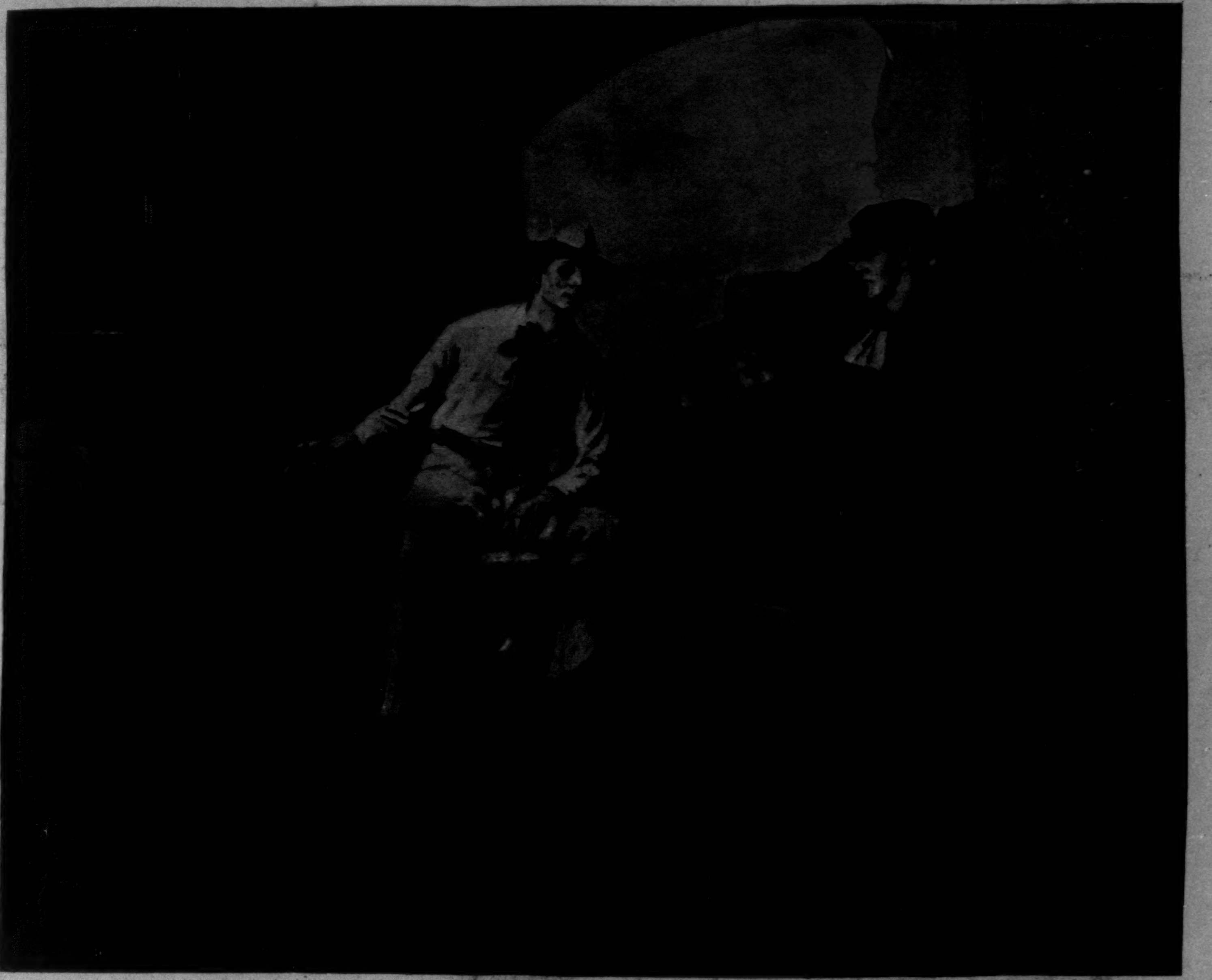
HARVESTING WHEAT WITH "HEADING" REAPER.

Stevens Hall. Administration Building. College Hall. Ferry Hall.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, PULLMAN, WASHINGTON.

HALF A MILLION BUSHELS OF WHEAT AWAITING SHIPMENT AT PULLMAN, WASHINGTON.

THE WHEAT-LANDS OF WASHINGTON.—[See Page 735.]



DOWN THE COAST.

BY HAROLD MARTIN.

WE were seated amidships, and had made ourselves comfortable among the miscellaneous cargo scattered over the deck. Two or three miles to port was the dim line of the Yucatan coast, and to starboard the moonlit waters of the Gulf. The little steamer rose and fell evenly on the gentle waves, that rolled to the beach, to break in dull flashes on the sands. That night the deck-house was filled with a crowd of peddling Turks. Above the clanking noise of machinery, and the regular accompaniment of rushing water, rose now and then the higher tones of a woman's voice. Forward a stevedore was strumming a guitar, stopping at times to laugh with the sprawling men around him.

Bishop and I were representing rival hemp-houses in the North. During the first few months following my arrival we had clashed, and the activity of one had forced the other to unwilling effort. But since we had made our combination, wherein we acted as one man, our ways had been easier and we had become good friends.

We were enjoying the quiet evening and cool air, after the heat and smells of Progreso, and had been joined by a man whose appearance had attracted our comment that afternoon on the wharf. He was tall and spare in figure, gray-haired, and seemingly forty-five or fifty years old. He was unmistakably fair, though his skin was dark as mahogany. He wore the Maya costume of white cotton, but set off with certain accessories of dress, such as necktie and shoes, that the Indians never affect. He spoke the coast Spanish perfectly, and we had been surprised to learn he was American. His English was pure and good, though halting and hard to utter. We had been speaking of the familiar coast we were passing, and Bishop had vainly tried to account for the strange fascination that had held him there for ten years. As the noises behind us ceased, and the men on deck stretched out to sleep in the shadows of bulwark and bale, the new-comer told us this tale:

His name was Begg, and back in '81 he first came down to Yucatan on business for a Northern house. During his second summer the yellow fever caught him while stopping a few days in a little village called Maxkanú. Maxkanú is like all the rest of those Indian villages—a broad plaza, with the crumbling yellow church and soldiers' quarters on opposite sides, and a few diverging streets of oval palm-thatched huts, each in its garden of banana-trees and myrtle. Then four or five leagues of low hot country to the next one just like it.

The foreigner who falls ill of the fever down here has a hard time. The natives accept his ultimate death as a foregone conclusion, and leave him to fight it out alone. Small wonder the chances are against him. But the people Begg fell in with were different. From pure goodness of heart and pity they started to care for him; they swung him in a hammock and gave him local remedies. A daughter in the family made Begg her especial charge, and nursed him tenderly. She must have been a good nurse, for, with all chances against him, she finally brought him through. During the delirious hours when the fever ran high, and through the long hot days of convalescence, Romana was always by his side. In her simple childish heart she pitied him at first, and before he was well she had fallen in love with him. During the days that he was growing slowly stronger, lying in a hammock swung in a corner of the garden, she would sing him Indian songs to her guitar, or busy herself with her simple household duties, stopping often to come to his side. He had been so close to death that even then the future seemed unassured and distant, and, swayed by the influences of the moment, he grew very fond of her. He knew he would soon pass out of her life, as he was to leave as soon as he was strong enough, and thoughtlessly, wanting only to make her happy for the present, he made love to her. The sweet dark face in the clinging rebozo, the tender, gentle hands, always ready to care for him, the graceful and slender body in the flowing draperies, all won his heart. He was doubtless moved by the romance of the situation: she had saved his life, and it seemed to him natural to love her in return. But when he was able to leave, the sorrow of that little Maya maid was indeed pitiful. She knew intuitively that all was over: his world was different from hers; he came from a land she had never even heard of, and his life called him back. His grief—for he had grown to love her more than he realized—was tempered by this thorough way out of a growing difficulty—that of his approaching departure. Clear reasoning showed him the mistake marriage with her would be, and he blamed himself for ever having made love to her. His last promise was to write her from the North, and his last recollection was of a loving, tear-stained face.

Then he returned to New York. He had done well in the South, and was able to buy an attractive partnership. Times were good, and he prospered. He was a city man, born and bred, and settled down into the life he had interrupted by several years of wandering. In due course he became engaged to be married to a girl of his own class; she was sweet-tempered and pretty, socially popular, and a fitting match for a rising young man.

He wrote to Romana from the North, first to tell her of his safe arrival; then other letters followed, and he grew interested in her simple and childish replies. She told him of occurrences in the village, about the death of a parrot he had given to her, and always of her love. He tried to write coldly to her, hoping her letters would stop; but bringing up her fair image to his mind as he wrote filled him with the old tenderness, and he often said more than he should. He would try not to think of this brown-skinned, barefooted Indian girl, but the recollection of her sweet face, hoping against hope to see him again, would come, strive as he might to put it away. He resolved never to write her again, but with a letter in her queer handwriting would crowd in recollections of the old days, mingled with soft Spanish words of love. He would think of her sorrow as the days went by and still no answer came from him, and he could not help writing her again.

That year came the hard times, and business was bad all over the country. Firm after firm failed, and the failure of a certain bank carried him along with it. This was the beginning of his bad luck; older men with stronger credit re-established themselves, but everything Begg attempted turned out badly, and he lost his last dollar. Then his fiancée broke their engagement. Perhaps the failure had something to do with it, for she was an ambitious young woman. Matters now seemed as dark and hopeless to Begg as they had appeared bright but a few months before.

Then he would think about this country down here, and Romana. What difference did prospects and fortune make to her? He would think of the warm sun when the cold wind blew through his summer clothes. And one afternoon, down on the Battery watching the steamers clearing for the South, and with Romana's last letter in his hand, he decided to go. He collected an old debt, changed his money, and sailed the end of the week.

In his soberer moments on the way down he repented the move—it was cowardly and weak; but he drove these thoughts from him and only looked ahead to Romana, the warm sun, and the leaning palms.

He married her at once. He was starting on a new life, and wanted irrevocably to shut out the past and to bind himself to the new future. Then came the awakening to realities; he found one must earn a living, even in this lazy land, and that his rent must be paid as promptly in this country of tropical abundance as it would have to be in New York. He managed to get work on a near-by hacienda, supplanting a Mexican named Lorenzo—a man of ability in his way, but a drinker. Lorenzo was an old suitor of Romana's; for two years he had courted her after the fashion of the country, but she would have nothing to do with him; she was waiting for Begg to come back.

So when Begg did come, and got first Lorenzo's girl and then his job, Lorenzo hated him well, and waited for his chance to vent his growing ill-will. Lorenzo was a man of some importance in the community, while Begg was a new-comer, and generally looked upon as an intruder. The Mexican soon found his opportunity. For some days he had been lounging around the raspadores at the hacienda where Begg worked, seeking to dissatisfy the peons. He knew this annoyed Begg. One day Begg lost his temper, and ordered him off the place; he did not go, so Begg threw him off, and accidentally broke Lorenzo's arm in doing it. That same evening Begg told Romana about the encounter; she was frightened at what Lorenzo might do. "Am I not good for three such men as Lorenzo?" said Begg, bravely enough; yet within an hour the soldiers caught him unawares and had him securely jailed.

He was kept in jail ten days, under close guard, and seeing no one. Then one night he was driven down to the coast, shipped on board a little trading-schooner to San Pablo, and again at night and under guard conveyed to the penitentiary. All this had occurred without any hearing whatever; and no possible chance was allowed him to communicate with outsiders. In the penitentiary he was kept at hard labor for nine years, with the most criminal element of the Mexican republic as companions. He could see the American steamers unloading in the bay, on holidays he saw the stars and stripes waving over the consulate, but never a chance had he of getting out word of his trouble. Such are the chances a foreigner runs down here when he incurs the enmity of a man like Lorenzo. Once he tried to escape, but almost died of a gun-shot wound from a sentry. The years went by. Such an experience breaks a man's spirit pretty thoroughly. All hope of freedom left him, except through some outside and unforeseen agency. He had cut loose from all his Northern friends; none knew where he was, and none troubled to look for him, so there was only Romana. But she was ignorant of the world outside her own village; she had hardly heard of San Pablo, and never of a penitentiary, and, besides, Lorenzo was on hand to crush any effort she might make.

The jail to Romana was hardly more than a name. She remembered the confinement of some noisy reveller after the fiestas, and she expected to see Begg again any day. She was denied admittance to him, and this was Lorenzo's doing. Then one day he said to her, "Your man has gone back to the country where he belongs." Then they took her to the jail, but it was after Begg had been removed to the penitentiary.

Romana would never believe Begg had left her of his free will; something had happened which she in her ignorance could not understand, and she did not know what to do. But she could wait, and she fell back on this cure of her people for all things. It is more in the nature of these people to let matters right themselves than to take an active part in the righting. She soon had her little girl to occupy her, and this made the waiting easier. The village people said time and time again that Begg had deserted her, but her love and her faith were strong. "Hasta la hora de morir, te amaré," she would repeat to herself, as Begg had often said to her. "I have not learned that he is dead, so when he can he will come back to me."

When the penitentiary becomes crowded the authorities have a method of drafting into regiments doing service on the frontier batches of men whose offences are forgotten, or who, in their opinion, have been confined long enough; thus the new-comers are accommodated. On the frontier the convicts will serve a short term or desert. It is a convenient method, and gives the authorities a chance to throw the blame elsewhere in case of an investigation. This occurred to Begg. No one remembered where he had come from or what he had done, so after nine years of imprisonment he was shipped out into the army.

After a year with the regiment beyond Tekax, Begg was discharged. At first he hardly knew what to do; he had been so long cared for that he feared the necessity of independent exertion. He had no place to go. The old life in the North was so far behind him as to appear unreal, and he felt himself bound to the South. He was sorry to leave the regiment, and would gladly have staid had he been allowed. He was a good soldier, liked by his officers, and the life had been free compared with that of the prison. He hardly thought he would find Romana waiting for him, but to return and see was the only thing he could think to do.

So he beat his way back as best he could. In Maxkanú he found them, Romana and his little girl, still waiting for him. They took up their life where it had been broken off. Romana had inherited a little farm from her mother, and Begg could hardly realize his good fortune, after the years of hard, hopeless toil. He was as a man dazed, and would sit for hours gazing wonderingly at his child, her resemblance to her mother carrying him back to the time when Romana had nursed him through the fever.

He heard nothing of Lorenzo, until one evening Romana told him his old enemy was in town. Begg was so broken in mind and body that he hardly realized the news. He did not know then that during all the years of his absence Lorenzo had tried all the means in his power to win his faithful wife.

One evening, when Begg had been back two weeks, Romana and he were sitting at the door of their little house, talking in the moonlight. Their little girl had fallen asleep on the floor behind them, and Begg stepped inside to lay her in the hammock. Just then the crack of a rifle rang out down the street. Begg sprang to the door. Romana had fallen in a huddled heap from her low butaca; she moaned gently, her face in the dust; and the blood from a wound in her breast was staining her loose white dress. Down the street not a soul was stirring. Lorenzo had laid his plans to get away at once, and it was useless to follow him then. "Yo te he amado—hasta la hora—de morir," she breathed, in Begg's arms, and passed away.

The shooting of Begg's wife occurred only three weeks before we met him on board the *Alfonso*. He had left his daughter with her grandfather, and started out after Lorenzo. He told us he had decided to go North; it was his country, and he had had enough of the South. He feared it would be hard for his little girl up there among white people, but Romana had been nearly pure mestiza, and their child was not very dark. He had one thing to accomplish, however, before leaving the country forever, and of this he spoke in a satisfied way.

We turned in soon after, Bishop and myself going down to the small cabin allotted to us, and Begg sleeping on deck.

Early next morning we were off Campeachy; it cannot be called a port, for we anchored out of sight of land, and to get ashore we must transfer to smaller boats.

It looked black out on the Gulf; already the wind whistled through the shrouds, and the heavy clouds held promise of more to come. We changed with difficulty to the tossing *Manteo*, which was to take us in. A heavy sea was running by the time we anchored, three miles off the town. There were four passengers for Campeachy—Bishop and myself, Begg and a Mexican. The *Manteo* was to put out at once for deeper water, and we discussed the advisability of spending two days on her or risking a landing in the canoes alongside. The Mexican was nervous and excited; he wanted to go ashore, but feared the canoe trip. Begg had not spoken to us; he leaned against the rail and watched the Mexican.

We decided to go, and jumped into the wet, tossing dugout.

"Are you coming?" called Bishop to Begg.

"I don't know yet," came his answer.

It was nervous work in that canoe, but we gained confidence as we noted the skill of the natives in handling their narrow boat. We ran straight for shore over the big waves.

"Here comes the other canoe with Begg and the Mexican," said Bishop, looking back at the *Manteo*.

We went careering on toward the shore, now lying heavy in the trough, and then shooting forward on the top of a wave as the wind caught our rag of a sail.

Beyond the plunging, spray-covered *Manteo* lay a flat line of churned water, like a chalk mark under the black sky. Our men paddled hard, and from the crest of a wave we caught a glimpse of the crowd on the pier. Then we shot down between walls of rolling green water.

We just made the landing. Our canoe was hurled past the end of the dock, the light mast and sail were thrown overboard, and the Indians paddled frantically for the lee of the pier. Eager hands hauled us up. Then the squall broke, and drove everybody back over the old drawbridge to the protection of the city walls.

From above the gate the port comandante watched through the glass for the other canoe. An excited murmur broke from the crowd below him when she showed, bottom up, in the foamy mass of a breaking wave.

"How many were there?" cried the comandante. "Two? There they are, this side of the canoe; they're hanging on to each other; the one in white is trying to haul the other to the boat; he's got him by the neck; he's gone under now. Why don't he—"

A fierce wall of white rushing water swept the two figures from our sight.

There was nothing to do; no boat could be launched in that sea. We crowded down to the beach where they would wash ashore. First came the two Indians; they had left the canoe and made for shore. They were used to the surf, and got a footing the first time they were thrown up. Then came Begg; twice he was washed up and drawn back, but the third time we caught and held him. He was unconscious and exhausted from his exertions; willing hands applied restoratives and led him up town to the comandante's house. The crowd waited anxiously for the fourth man; about twenty minutes later they caught his dead body, bruised, battered, and limp.

That same evening we met Begg in the plaza.

"How do you feel?" said I; "none the worse from your rough treatment, I hope."

"We're going back home now, the little girl and I," answered he, ignoring my question; "going just as soon as we can get off—"

"You told us last night you had something to do first," said I.

"Yes," said Begg, "but it's done now. Did you see them carry the body up? Well, that was Lorenzo."

RESTORING INDEPENDENCE HALL.

Ever since the Revolution the group of buildings called "Independence Hall" has been a veritable beehive of toil and activity. The ancient rooms were occupied for one hundred and nineteen years by courts, county officers, and Philadelphia's executive and legislative bodies. Every few years has seen changes in floor plans, the destruction of walls, obliteration of fireplaces and decorations, walling up of windows, and cutting of doorways to suit the caprice or convenience of some official. A century of such depredations has worked changes that can hardly be imagined. For twenty-six years past Philadelphia's new City Hall has been building, a mile distant, and as its rooms became ready for occupancy one department after another migrated hither. When the local, civil, and criminal courts moved to their new home, about two years ago, Independence Hall was left untenanted. Then active measures were taken to undo a century's alterations, and restore the group of buildings to their "original" condition—that is, give them the exact appearance they had when the Declaration of Independence was signed. A few years will see the completion of the work, and then Independence Hall will be preserved for all time in practically the same condition it was when the great events of 1776 were enacted there.

It was a difficult task to formulate plans for the restoration of the buildings to their "original" condition. The official architect went to work in very much the same way as a physician makes a diagnosis of a medical case by noting a collection of trifling symptoms, or a lawyer constructs a chain of evidence from a number of apparently irrelevant links. The exterior appearance of the buildings was shown in numerous old prints; but there are very few pictures in existence depicting the interiors, which had to be restored from data obtained from histories, ancient manuscripts, from hearsay and memories of old men, and by sounding walls and tearing away partitions and flooring. The buildings were searched from foundations to roof-trees to obtain fragments of information. The clay floors of the cellars were dug up to find whether or not there were traces of masonry that would suggest the ancient superstructure. Explorations in the garrets revealed old locks, bolts, and fragments of hearth tiling. An allusion to the decorations of an old mansion, copied after those of the State House, led to the reproduction of a fine Colonial arch. The investigations were conducted with all possible care and accuracy. Nothing was left to chance. In the absence of absolute proof, the new decorations were designed to be examples of the best Colonial architectural ornament. As a result, Independence Hall, when restored, will be as near its "original" condition as it is possible for man to make it.

The title "Independence Hall" is given to the group of buildings fronting upon Chestnut Street, extending from Fifth to Sixth streets, and looking out in the rear upon Independence Square. Although the signing of the Declaration actually occurred in one of the rooms of the central structure, the State House, the group has always been considered as an entirety. The State House, in the middle, with its simple but dignified façade and characteristic tower, which was reproduced in the Pennsylvania Building at the Chicago World's Fair, was first occupied in 1736. Here the Continental Congress met and the Liberty Bell was rung. At the corner of Fifth Street stands the old City Hall, finished in 1789, and occupied by the Federal Supreme Court when Philadelphia was the nation's capital. On the opposite corner, at Sixth Street, is Congress Hall, a building erected for the local courts about 1790, and used by the Federal Congress from 1790 to 1800. The House of Representatives was on the first floor, the Senate-Chamber directly above it. Here Washington delivered his famous farewell address that marked his retirement into private life, and John Adams was sworn in as President. Between the corner buildings and the State House are two low rambling wings, binding the whole together into one group. These wings contain a great number of courts and offices, with quaint stairways, nooks, and corners. They have been condemned by architects as inartistic and unappropriate, and a source of great danger from fire. Should flames break out in any part of the group of structures they would probably spread through the wings and consume the whole.

Work is now in progress for the alterations of the exteriors of the buildings, which will be greatly changed in appearance. Unsightly brick structures connecting the main part of each wing with the nearest corner building have been removed, and the damaged walls redressed, and the old windows restored to their former places. Several other small projecting structures in the rear have also been demolished. The low wings which now are connected only with the central State House were built about 1813, on the site of two square buildings erected about 1733, and called "Province Hall," because they contained the offices of provincial Pennsylvania. These square buildings were connected to the State House by arcades on either side. Part of the present wings will be demolished, and the remaining portions remodelled by lowering their roofs, and altering the doors, windows, and masonry. Then arcades, through which glimpses will be had of the trees, lawns, and flowers of Independence Square in the rear, will be built between the remaining portions and the State House, so that the whole will reproduce the "Province Hall" existing at the time of the Revolution.

Very few changes will be made in the outward appearance of the State House, in the centre of the group. The main entrance, now marred by a modern arch with wooden pilasters painted to imitate stone, will be removed, and the plain doorway surmounted by a fan-light restored in all its original simplicity. The heavy oaken doors with square panels, which have been hidden for years under the main staircase, will be replaced in their former positions.

During his explorations the architect discovered two old bracket street lanterns with glass sides and wrought-iron tops, and formerly illuminated with lamps burning tallow or sperm oil. Six of these lanterns were fastened into the front walls of the State House, between the windows and door. Four copies of the old lamps are being made, and the six will be placed in the positions formerly occupied by the ancient beacons.

The wood-work, spouting, chimneys, and the wooden balustrade along the roof have either been replaced or put in perfect repair.

The most important interior alterations to the group of buildings will be in the State House, although the old Senate-Chamber of Congress has been completely restored and the visitor's gallery replaced—it having been demolished many years ago. The State House is now in the workmen's hands. On the left, upon entering, is the Independence Chamber, where the Declaration was signed. Its walls are panelled, and hung with portraits of the signers. Behind a brass railing are many of the desks and chairs used during the Continental Congress, besides several other interesting relics. In the centre of the hall is the Liberty Bell, placed in an elaborate glass and metal case. The restorations here will greatly change the appearance of the apartment.

Opposite the entrance door is the speaker's dais, as it was during the signing. On either side of this, behind the white wooden wall panels, are concealed the remains of two fireplaces, which will be uncovered and restored. Between the fireplaces and the corners of the room were originally two doors leading to the street. These will be opened and used as a means of exit. The floor is of modern tiles that have been worn into furrows by the feet of pilgrims. This pavement is to be removed and replaced with an oak floor, such as existed in the signers' time. In the corridor extending through the centre of the building the stone flagging, also worn into deep depressions by thousands of visitors, will be removed, and square terra-cotta tiles substituted. The large apartment on the side of this hall opposite the Independence Chamber is called the Judicial Room, because the courts held sessions there in the old days. It is now used as a museum, and contains many interesting paintings and curios. The restorations here will be similar to those in Independence Chamber, two fireplaces and doorways being unburied and restored.

Back of the main corridor is a lofty square hall in the tower, with staircases winding around the walls to the upper floors. The Liberty Bell formerly hung from the ceiling of this hall, suspended by a great chain of thirteen links. All the walls, balustrades, and decorations here are to be scraped and repainted.

On the second floor the most radical alterations of all have been made, and the arrangement of rooms entirely changed. As the present generation remembers it, the floor space was divided by a transverse partition into a large and a small room, with a low gallery, and atrociously bad decorations. The rooms were occupied by the city's legislative bodies. But this is all changed now, the Society of Colonial Dames having spent over $5000 upon the alterations. It was here that the allusions of old documents proved most valuable. It was proved that a long narrow banqueting-hall had extended across the entire front of the building, with a passage leading from it to the staircase, and that on each side of this passage or vestibule was an oblong room—one used by committees, and the other called a "council-chamber." This former arrangement has been restored. At either end of the banqueting-hall, and in both the other rooms, are fine Colonial fireplaces, discovered behind modern plaster partitions. The hearths are of square clay tiles, and above them are handsome mantels, restored from fragments found imbedded in the masonry. Separating this room from the square vestibule is an arch copied from one in ancient Cliveden Hall, the mansion of Chief-Justice Chew, around which the battle of Germantown was hottest, in 1777. The architect found a record stating that Justice Chew had been so much pleased with the decorations of the State House, when completed, that he had the workmen duplicate them in his Germantown house. This was considered sufficient authority for a reproduction of the arch in making the restorations.

All the walls of these rooms are wainscoted, and the plaster is tinted a peculiar shade of yellow, known as Colonial buff. The architect succeeded in obtaining this color by copying the shade of the facings of Washington's military coat, deposited in the National Museum at Washington, D. C. The locks and quaint wrought-iron bolts on the doors are either the originals or accurate copies of them.

In the banqueting-hall a large plate of glass inserted in the new oak floor gives a glimpse of the original oak boards beneath. The oak floor slopes decidedly downward toward the centre of the building, and this led to the startling discovery, when restorations were begun, that, according to modern building principles, the old State House was not strong enough to stand alone. The floor of the second story had sunk almost twelve inches, and had been strengthened by placing eight wooden columns beneath it to hold it up. All further danger was avoided by placing iron trusses between the first and second stories.

Above the staircase hall, in the tower, is a small square chamber, obstructed with a frame of rough-hewn oaken beams. It was the belfry of the ancient building, and on yonder trusses was harnessed the bell which gave out its joyful tidings of liberty and independence, just one hundred and twenty-one years ago, to the listening world.

On each side is a small fireplace, scarred with many fires kindled by the bell-ringer while waiting in the still watches of winter nights to toll out the Old Year and in the New—as the State House bell has done for years—or to sound the death-knell of passing statesman, or loud clamor on some occasion of national rejoicing. Perhaps he dozed as he waited, and the fire grew too hot, for there is a deep charred wound on one of the beams that is a reminder of an incipient conflagration which might have consumed the whole building.

Independence Hall is owned by the city of Philadelphia. It was built for the province of Pennsylvania, and passed to the State after the Revolution. Philadelphia bought it in 1816. The restorations are being made at the expense of the municipality, an appropriation of $50,000 having been made for the purpose. Philadelphia has always been noted—and sometimes jeered at—for the persistency with which she preserves her traditions of the olden time, but she deserves thanks for the money she is spending upon Independence Hall, belonging as it does to all the nation, and all lovers of freedom, whatever their race or creed.

ASA M. STEELE.

ST. JOHN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

THE celebration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in London so overshadowed all the other demonstrations in the British domains on that day that little has been heard of the minor rejoicings. In all the large cities, and in every colony where the British flag floats, there were of course patriotic exercises commemorating Victoria's long reign. It is well known that the United States sent the armored cruiser *Brooklyn* to England to participate in the great naval review, but it is not known generally that another of our war-ships, the battle-ship *Massachusetts*, took part in a similar demonstration in British waters on this side of the Atlantic, at St. John's, Newfoundland.

The people of St. John's made elaborate preparations to celebrate Jubilee day. The Newfoundland colony has no part in the Canadian Federation, and perhaps for this reason felt that an unusual demonstration of loyalty was called for. There were two English and two French men-of-war in the port of St. John's besides the *Massachusetts*, which had been sent there direct from Boston, where formal presentation of the winged figure "Victory" had just been made to the battle-ship on behalf of the State. On Jubilee day the men-of-war in St. John's dressed ship, and at noon fired the customary salute of twenty-one guns.

The night before there was an illumination on board the war-ships, and a novelty in such naval demonstrations. The officials in charge of the celebration decided to serenade the jack-tars and their officers. A band of music was placed on a large steam-launch, which passed slowly around each ship. "Rule Britannia" was played for the English ships, the "Marseillaise" for the French ships, and "Hail, Columbia," for the American ship. Cheer after cheer rang out from the crews of each of the vessels, and rockets and other fireworks were set free to heighten the demonstration. After the serenade the *Massachusetts* gave an exhibition of search-light practice, which drew applause from the thousands on shore who had watched the evening's spectacle. The rays of the search-lights are said to have illuminated the entire city.

MUSIC NOTES.

MADAME MELBA'S engagement to Mr. Damrosch's company for his season of 1897–8 appears a fixed fact. It is said that Mr. Ellis, now associated with Mr. Damrosch in his enterprises, is anxious to present to New-Yorkers some of the *ballets d'action*—brilliant and often admirably musical—which are made a specialty of the opera-houses of Vienna, Warsaw, and Milan, and rather less effectively at Paris. The experiment here would be expensive, but it has never been fairly and squarely made, nor such nights in a season given the expense and distinction really their due; and a manager here has yet to judge of how far the general public would be attracted by it if under operatic auspices. Representative two-act and three-act ballets of the type are *Excelsior*, *Sun and Earth*, *La Maladetta*, *Vienna Waltzes*, the exquisite *Doll-Fairy*, *L'Etoile*, *Coppelia*, and so on. An extremely successful and new one is in not less than four acts—the *Bride of Corea*, composed by Beyer, who wrote *The Doll-Fairy*. Mr. Ellis states that he has engaged for Mr. Damrosch Madame Barna, a dramatic soprano; Thomas Salignac, one of last season's French tenors at the Metropolitan; has made a re-engagement with the Berlin tenor Kraus; and secured several other capable artists, in and out of Germany.

We have been hearing a good deal lately of the M. T. N. A.—the Music-Teachers' National Association, recently convened in this city. The association was founded in 1871, under Theodore Presser, of Philadelphia. Its objects stated have been "mutual improvement by interchange of ideas, the broadening of the culture of music, and the promotion of fraternity among musicians"—though, by-the-bye, the last clause is no longer official, for some unknown cause. Aside from a general platform, the association aims at raising and keeping up standards and methods of musical teaching, at quickening the intelligence and the responsibility of teachers all over the country, at directing their notice to new and good methods of work, at improving the music in public schools, at fighting the battles for American music and musicians—and at much besides; including uniformity in whatever is worth any combatant's pains. The association has had lean years and doubtful crises, but apparently their untoward influences largely are beaten away. Just when lamented as dead it has suddenly become very much alive.

E. I. S.

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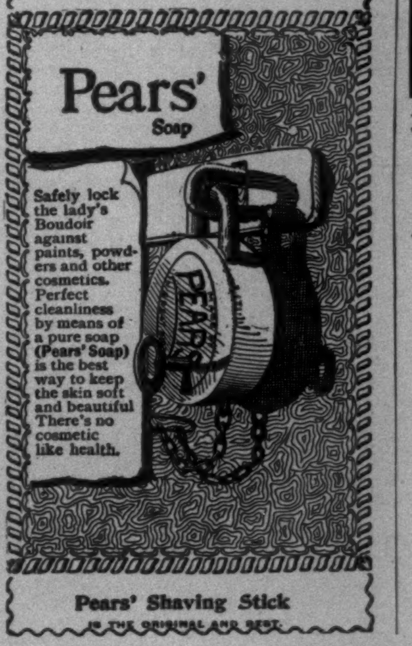
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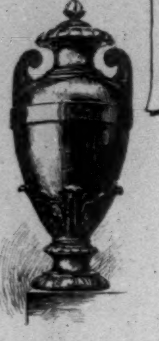
THE EXPENSE OF FUNERALS.



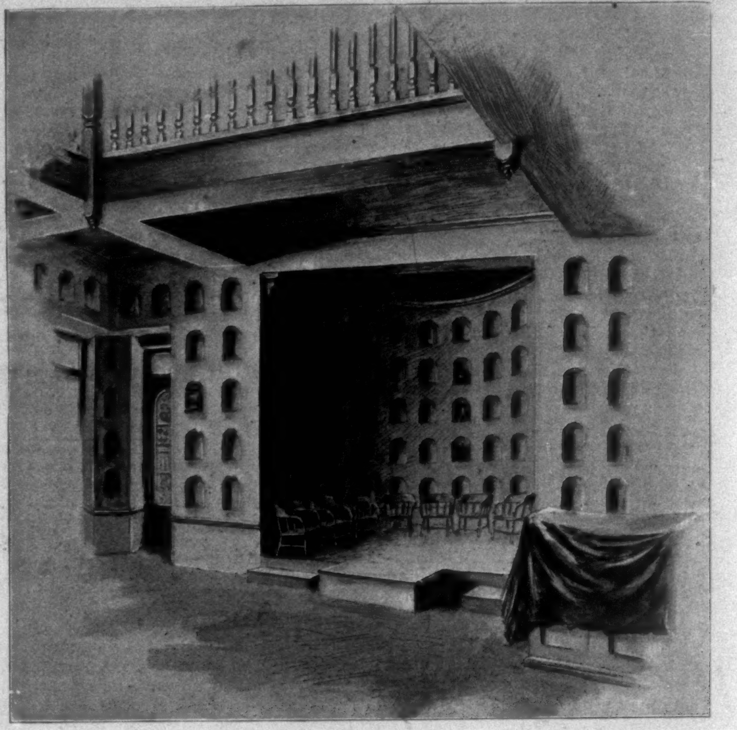
URN FOR HOLDING ASHES.

IT is the most natural thing in the world to desire to do honor to the dead. Some Eastern peoples regard the dead with more consideration than the living, and in a certain sense worship their ancestors. Western people under the Christian dispensation regard the body of a deceased person merely as clay—clay worthy of honor, to be sure, but clay from which nearly all meaning has departed. But there appears to be the strongest kind of desire to honor this dead clay, and this desire has been strengthened by custom, by poetry, and by religion. Funeral customs have become so firmly established that among poor people the expense of what is considered proper burial adds another pang to death. A thrifty and provident man whose scant earnings preclude any considerable savings, more frequently than not joins some society which undertakes to bury with decency and propriety the members who die. These societies are usually of the assessment kind, and whenever a member dies each living member is assessed from fifty cents to a dollar. This yields anywhere from one hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars, and this sum, whatever it amounts to, is paid to the dead member's family. The writer has been informed by a man who is connected in an executive capacity with two such societies that it is rarely the case that any of such money is left after the funeral expenses have been paid, but on the contrary, more frequently than not, the family pays from its savings or runs into debt so that greater honor may be shown to the merely senseless clay, from which all that was sacred or immortal has departed.

The independent poor in America have a deep-seated horror of being buried by charity, by the public authorities, or in the Potter's Field. They are therefore willing to make sacrifices while living to prevent this when dead, and the living do not shrink from contracting debts that the dead belonging to them may be buried in what they consider a suitable manner. And there is another peculiarity about the funeral expenses of the poor. They regard debts so contracted as debts of honor that must be discharged in preference to any others. The doctor who tried to save the dead person's life, the grocer who furnished supplies, the landlord who gave shelter—all these must wait till the undertaker's bill be paid.

In the neighborhood of New York city it is considered a poor funeral, even of a common laborer, that costs less than one hundred dollars. To the great majority of the readers of the WEEKLY one hundred dollars does not seem a great sum. But a laborer at $1 50 a day, if he find employment every day in the year except Sundays, can only make in that time $469 50. If one-fourth of a year's earning go for the funeral expenses of a member of a laborer's family, it will readily be seen that the amount to live upon has been most seriously reduced. But the great cost does not bear hardly and seriously upon laboring-men alone. Mechanics, artisans, clerks, and small tradesmen—indeed, all who live upon limited incomes—suffer serious hardship in defraying the costly expenses of what custom has decided that a respectable funeral should be. The laborer is not the poorest among the industrious wage-earners, even though the aggregate of his wages be less than that of other classes. The laborer has a certain style of living—or lack of style, if you choose—while the others feel the necessity of housing, feeding, and dressing themselves better. This results in the clerk with a family and $1500 a year salary in a town like New York being about as poor as poverty itself. As it is in the matter of living, so it is in dying—the dead body must be buried in a style suitable to the condition of the person while alive; and therefore the laborer with $400 a year can even better afford to pay $100 for the funeral expenses of a member of his family than the clerk with $1500 a year can pay $250 when death comes into his household.

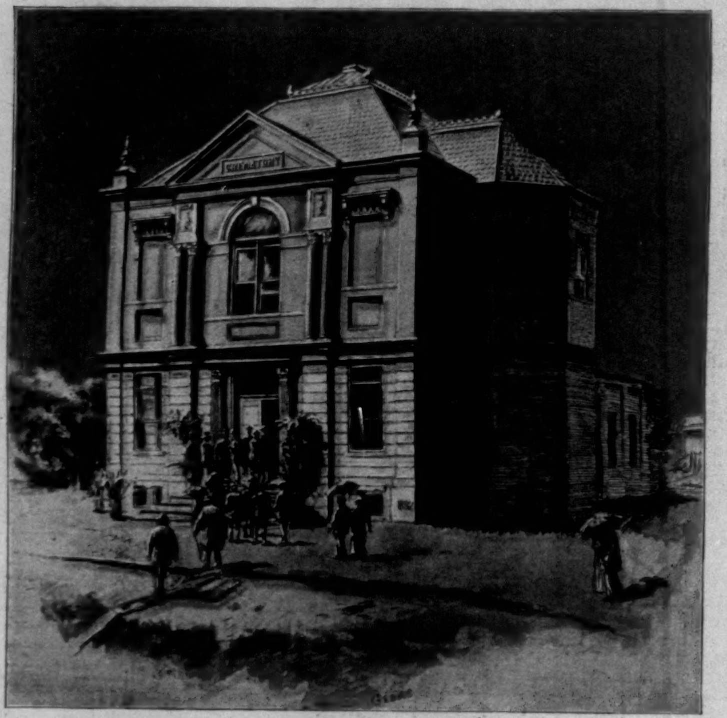
Singularly enough, the funeral expenses do not increase in the same proportion that incomes do. The funeral expenses of a man worth half a million dollars, unless his family were unusually fond of ostentatious and vulgar display, would not be likely to exceed a thousand dollars. This rate of increase, it will be seen, is not at all in proportion to the increase in wealth from the day-laborer to the prosperous merchant or banker. But there have been instances in New York city when funeral expenses have mounted high into the thousands. The poor man rarely owns a cemetery lot; indeed, in the older and more crowded cities he rarely owns a grave. Cemetery lots and graves in cemeteries vary in price just as city property varies in value. A corner lot on Broadway is worth so much; a lot of the same size in the interior of a block on Avenue C has another and very different valuation. In Greenwood and in Woodlawn some localities are more in favor than others, and there are avenues in these cities of the dead that correspond with Madison Avenue in New York and Beacon Street in Boston.



THE CHAPEL—FRESH POND CREMATORY, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

But each large city has more humble graveyards than those mentioned, and in such both graves and lots can be had for comparatively modest prices. The poor man who neither buys a lot nor a grave does not have the satisfaction of owning in fee even ever so small a section of God's Acre. He only pays to have a grave opened, and for the privilege of depositing his dead within the space devoted just as much to other remains—the remains of strangers more likely than not—as to his own. If there is anything sacred in the poetical idea of a man placed in his grave having gone to his long last rest, the sacredness seems to be somewhat disturbed by the idea that the grave is already tenanted before his body arrives, and is likely to have others after his repose begins. The practical idea, no doubt, presupposes that the reposeful dead will be placed in virgin earth and remain undisturbed forever. But this condition does not obtain to any great extent even in many country villages. The writer knows of one graveyard, in a village not more than thirty miles from New York, which, during a hundred and fifty years, has been buried over some three or four times. In old city graveyards a grave is not considered to be full until it has in it six bodies.

Many persons of enlightenment and healthy sentiment have thought for a long time that it would be a good thing from every point of view to reform burial customs so that the expense should not bear so heavily on the poor, and so that graveyards should not be a menace to the public health, as, in not a few instances, they now are. In the valley of the Schuylkill, from which Philadelphia draws its water-supply, there are a great many graveyards, all draining into the watercourses tributary to the Schuylkill. Many diseases have been traced to the pollution of the water-supply from these graveyards, and one wit has charged the inordinate family pride of Philadelphians to the fact that they were continually partaking of their ancestors in solution.



FRESH POND CREMATORY, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK.

These reformers seem to be agreed that the most sensible method of disposing of the dead is by incineration, and within the past thirteen years twenty-four crematories have been erected in the United States, so that dead bodies might be burned up with reverence and decency.

For exceptional deserving cases a whole cremation funeral may be arranged at a total cost of twenty dollars, but the regular charge for cremating a body will run from twenty-five dollars to thirty-five dollars. Of course this charge must not be considered an offset to the ordinary funeral charge, but rather against that of the cemetery and grave-diggers.

But when sensible people know that a coffin is to be immediately burned up, and discard the idea that it is to serve as the perpetual bed for the loved and lost, some of them will conclude that the five-dollar coffin will answer quite as well as that which costs fifty or five hundred dollars.

The idea of incinerating the dead is spreading in America, but not very rapidly. Statistics recently published from *The Urn*, the organ of the Cremation Society, state that 1990 bodies have been burned at Fresh Pond—about 6000 in the United States. It is interesting to note that a little more than half of these were the bodies of Germans, and many more than half were the bodies of men. The average deaths in New York are about ninety daily; the incinerations do not number more than 330 in a year, so it will be seen that cremation has not yet become very popular.

When it shall have become again, as it was when Homer sung, a pious care the dead to burn, the poor will be relieved of a heavy burden, and those charged with the health of great cities will be released from a constant source of anxiety.

THE NEW ADVERTISING.

NOWHERE has there been given a more notable response to the spirit of modern improvement than in the advertising pages of the current newspapers and magazines. Advertising itself is not a new thing, but its primitiveness of style was, until very recent times, a markedly persistent trait of it. In colonial papers, copies of which survive, we are struck with the limited space given up to business announcements, and the few businesses represented. The chief ones were the merchants, the booksellers, and those of the losers of bound-out servants and slaves. The proprietary medicine man had not then arrived, and the wars of the sarsaparillas and the baking-powders were unknown.

Modern invention, too, had not in our early time the thousands of things it now has to exploit—from pianos and bicycles to a multitude, beyond the power to name, of smaller things. There were no pictures on the page to speak of, except those of the runaway apprentice with a pack upon his back, and a reduced house or ship, none of which was larger than a postage-stamp or a small unrubricated initial.

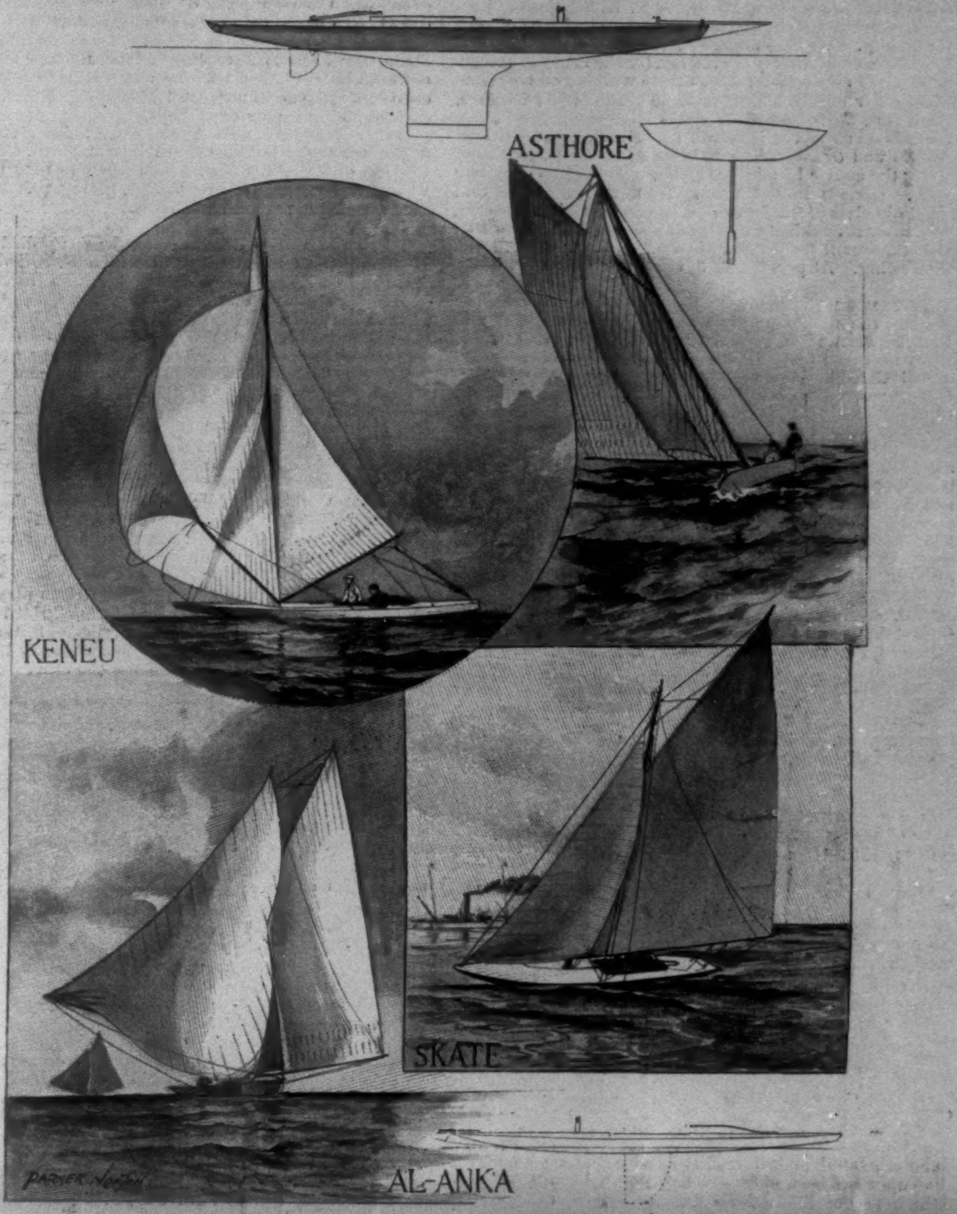
How this paucity of features is now all changed! And it has been largely done within the memory of men, not yet old, who are now living. A look at any modern newspaper or magazine shows to-day that the advertising pages bear a quite literary and artistic product. They were once a barren, unattractive waste. They are now a part of the humanities, a true mirror of life, a sort of fossil history, from which the future chronicler, if all other historical monuments were to be lost, might fully and graphically rewrite the history of our time. In the new poster development we have even set the wits of the best artists at work, while being true to their idealism and instincts, towards commercial ends.

There is no knowing where all this will stop, or what new aids may yet be invoked to make the attraction of the advertisement still more irresistible. But what is most to be noted is the charm which has come to the advertising pages. Once we skipped them, unless some pressing want compelled us to read, while now we read to find out what we really want.

"Our nature," says a writer who has discovered the new interest in advertisements, "everlastingly wants something." And it is not simply what we think we want, but "the great yearning, indefinite wants" that the advertising pages cater to by offering comforts, convenience, and elegance in protean forms that create this interest. Added to it, or re-enforcing it, is the study of human nature that advertisements make possible. Except a few that do not, perhaps, deal quite frankly with the reader, or trip him up with a story whose beginning suggests something else than a deceptive conclusion, they are mostly as entertaining as the reading matter which is adjacent to them. "You are impressed," says the writer we have quoted, "with the genuineness and enthusiasm of these advertisers. They believe in their goods because they are good. And one after another they say, between pages: 'Here is what you want; if not my good thing, why, my brother advertiser's good thing on the next page. We live just to give you what you want.'"

One passes over the advertisements in the magazine or well-conducted paper as he might through a series of Oriental bazars, so much flashes there before the eye. To have all the gifts or goods they offer would be to live in the happy valley with Rasselas. To press the pages they cover, through the post-office, or by a personal call, is the nearest modern analogue to Aladdin's lamp.

AMATEVR - SPORT



TRIAL RACES FOR THE SELECTION OF A CHALLENGER FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SMALL-BOAT TROPHY—THE MOST PROMISING OF THE AMERICAN 20-FOOTERS.

Lessons in yachting, like the lessons administered in the hurly-burly of daily life, are slowly learned when they accentuate the vanity of our ignorance. The complacent confidence with which the average mortal views the trend of the path he travels is to be disturbed by nothing less deranging than a wash-out.

For five years at least the annual yachting lesson has dwelt upon two important essentials—first, the virtual dependency of the healthful prosperity of American yachting upon the encouragement of the so-called small boats,—meaning, in sloops, anything below fifty feet racing length;—second, the need of club unity for co-operation in measurement, classification, and racing rules.

This year there is good evidence that the lesson has at last found attention.

The year 1897 opened auspiciously with the birth of the Yacht-racing League of America, organized for the specific purpose of establishing a basis upon which co-operation in racing rules, measurements, etc., might be possible. The League did not secure the endorsement of the New York Yacht Club, but its sponsors were all-sufficient for its purpose.

The New York Yacht Club was perfectly consistent in rejecting the invitation to membership in this League, which meant subscribing to a movement modern yacht-racing has shown to be needful. The history of the New York Yacht Club shows that in nearly all modern race-rule making or modifying the club has played a secondary part. It has clung so persistently to time-honored tradition as to become awake to the needs of the modern hour only after another club had supplied them. In rule-making the New York Yacht Club is a follower, not a leader. In prestige, as the respected and successful guardian of *America's* Cup, and in its annual cruise, there still remains ample justification in its description as the "premier" club of America; but in the modern adjustment of rules and conditions, and in actual yacht-racing, the New York Yacht Club is no longer the leader it was ten years ago.

Therefore declination to be of the pioneer supporters of the League was to be expected from the New York Yacht Club.

On the other hand, the Larchmont and the Seawanhaka-Corinthian yacht clubs have been most active in the general effort to solve some of the perplexing yacht-racing problems which have faced us in very recent years. The rules put forth by the Larchmont Yacht Club last autumn were most excellent, and formed the basis of the New York Yacht Club revision last winter. Of these the most important is the one limiting the draught of all yachts to be hereafter built:

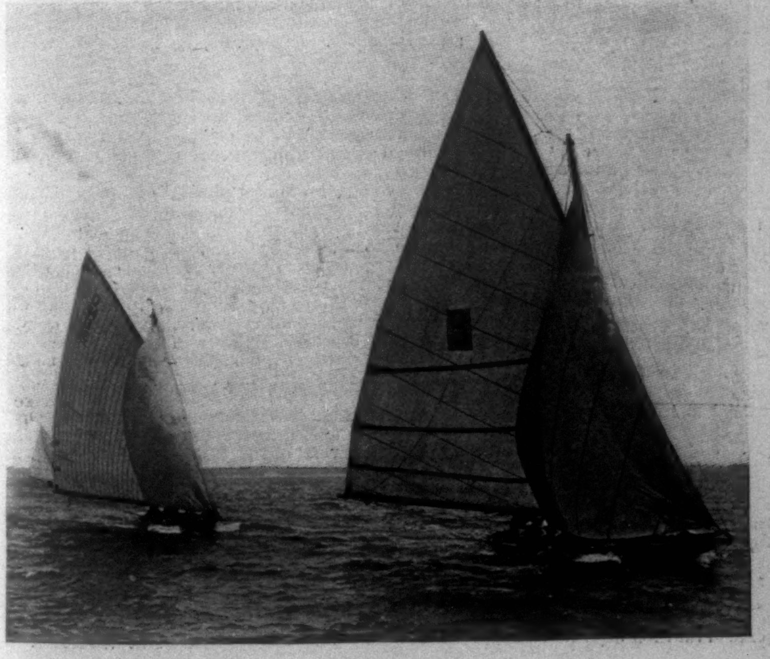
> The maximum draught of any yacht when in racing trim shall not exceed that specified for her class in the following table, exclusive of centreboard, except as hereafter mentioned, but this limit shall not apply to any yacht in existence at the time of the passage of these amendments when racing in the class in which she was classified prior to that time.

Type.	Class.	Extreme draught permitted.
Schooner	A (over 95 ft.)	No limit.
“	B (not over 95 “)	14 ft.
“	C (not over 85 “)	13 “
“	D (not over 75 “)	12 “
“	F (not over 65 “)	11 “
Single-stickers and yawls	G (over 70 “)	No limit.
“ “ “	H (not over 70 “)	13 ft.
“ “ “	J (not over 60 “)	11.5 “
“ “ “	K (not over 51 “)	10.25 “
“ “ “	L (not over 43 “)	9 “
“ “ “	M (not over 36 “)	8 “

Yachts with draught exceeding that permitted may race in their class, but the excess shall, in computing their racing length, "be multiplied by two and added to the length of the load-water line," provided that excess is not more than ten per cent. of the limit.

The regattas of the season emphasize the important part the medium-sized boat is taking in our yachting. If the sentiment continues spreading, it may even lead to a return of those sport-giving 40-footers of six or seven years ago. Since the day of that inspiriting class, killed most absurdly by the 46-footers, we have gone the gamut of extremes. We have had 90-footers and 15, 20, and 30 footers, but the middle class, anywhere between 40 and 60 footers, as yet remains ignored. If we had filled the classes already established, instead of jumping from one to another, yacht-racing would not now be languishing, with isolated yachts in forsaken classes. Perhaps pretty soon we may lose some of our vanity and acquire a little wisdom. Yachting would vastly benefit by the change.

Colonia, *Emerald*, and the thirties have up to the present time provided practically all there has been of regatta class racing. *Wasp*, *Queen Mab*, and the new 50-footer *Syce*, the fastest of the sloops, are not in the same class, but promise some interesting work on handicaps before the season is over.



SHARK. MOMO.

Fluky air robbed the results of the Atlantic Club's regatta of their value. *Colonia* had been leading until near the finish, when *Emerald* got a favoring puff of wind and beat her. *Wasp* suffered similarly, *Syce* being the lucky one. In the Atlantic cruise *Colonia* and *Syce* had no boats of their class to sail against, and each secured a somewhat hollow victory.

There was no breeze at all in the New York Yacht Club's regatta, and *Colonia* proved too swift a drifter for *Emerald*. *Syce* did not finish the course. Quite the most interesting, in fact the only interesting, feature of this regatta was the appearance of the old cutter *Bedouin*, which, with thirty-two minutes' allowance, was to race against *Vigilant*, the successful cup-defender in '93. It was interesting, despite the disparity in types, because these two boats were the best representatives of their day and type, separated by a number of years and much yachting evolution.

Vigilant sailed in cruising rig; her boom had been shortened twelve and her gaff nine feet since her racing days, and there were but twelve instead of the forty men who formerly composed her crew. But even thus reduced in power *Vigilant* was so immeasurably faster than the fine old cutter that when the outer mark was reached *Bedouin* was about half an hour astern, and had been lost entirely before the home mark was sighted.

In the thirties Mr. Ellis's *Hera* took up its good work where it was left off last year, and won easily.

The Larchmont regatta furnished another opportunity for *Colonia* and *Emerald* to settle their differences. This time, in a strong breeze and considerable of a sea, *Emerald* was a winner by the narrow margin of 10 seconds. It was the best race of the early season, won by *Emerald* without an element of luck to favor her. *Syce*, as usual, made a pleasing though lonely exhibition. We wish other yachtsmen would follow Mr. Hoyt, and build up this very excellent class, excellent for cruising as well as for racing purposes.

Queen Mab proves each season the advisability of putting money into a medium class. She has been racing every year since coming over on her own bottom, and though our "popular" class has ranged up and down, *Queen Mab* has been able to make a most creditable annual showing. In the Larchmont regatta she beat *Wasp*.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian regatta was a most interesting event, for all the experimental measurement formula failed to entirely accomplish its purpose. It is practically impossible to harmonize such an assortment of odd sizes as compose our yachting fleet. And it is even more difficult to induce the average yacht-owner to enter his boat unless he feels reasonably certain of having a chance in the winning. This may not be altogether sportsmanlike, but it is humanlike, and certainly yachtsmanlike in these lavish landsmen days of steamer yachting and $1000 cups given with prodigal hands. But for the 15 and 20 and 30 footers of the last three years I declare it is hard to say what would have become of our sailor-men. Around Boston there are yet plenty of the class, but hereabouts only the Seawanhaka-Corinthian and Larchmont clubs have saved the class from extinction.

If the Seawanhaka's new formula did not mollify many of the owners of the job lot of sloops, at least it provided some good sport and interesting comparisons. The fine old schooner *Iroquois* made an excellent showing against that modern racing-machine *Colonia*, taking difference in length and everything else into consideration, and *Queen Mab*, despite her years and somewhat out of (racing) date model, beat *Syce*, the latest racing creation, in the Rouse Cup event. Perhaps the most surprising performance of the day was the good work of *Carmita*, which was brought out several years ago at Boston by C. H. W. Foster, I believe, and was not enough of a success to be heard of very frequently. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., now owns her, and must have considerably altered her, for she made an exceedingly good race against *Syce*, nearly winning on corrected time. Her racing length is 72.13 against 63.77 for *Syce*. As it was, *Carmita* beat *Wasp* (73.15 racing length) a few seconds on corrected time and half an hour elapsed time. *Norota* and *Uvira* had an interesting struggle, the latter doing the course 1¼ minutes faster, but losing on corrected time. *Gossoon* did not finish. It's a pity the rest of that good old class of forties cannot be resurrected this season. We need something to galvanize sloop-racing into life, else there will be little enough of it, and that little not interesting. At present we have more classes than boats.

THE MOST INTERESTING RACE, however, between a modern racing-machine and one of the older racers, was that between *Vigilant* and *Navahoe*, boat for boat, especially arranged by their owners, Messrs. Percy Chubb and Royal Carroll. *Navahoe*, it will be remembered, is the 85-foot sloop Mr. Carroll had built in '93 for the purpose of entering for the Royal Victoria, Cape May, and Brenton Reef cups on the other side. She raced much in British waters, but without success. *Vigilant's* achievements are recent enough not to require cataloguing. She is about ten feet longer than *Navahoe*. It was a good race, and *Navahoe* made it closer than any one supposed she would, losing by only 4 m. 2 s. In the same regatta—the Larchmont's Fourth-of-July celebration—*Colonia* evened accounts with *Emerald* (whose keel has been deepened), by beating her 2 m. 32 s. in a good steady breeze. In the 20-foot class *Skate* scored her third victory, *Momo* being second, *Al-Anka* third. Of the thirties, *Vaquero III.* (H. B. Duryea) proved by winning, and again on the 16th at Newport, that she has lost none of her '96 speed or been outbuilt. *Hera* was second. *Houri* (E. B. Hart, Jr.), in the 25-foot class, was another winner of '96 which held her form.

In the American Yacht Club's regatta *Houri* was again a winner. *Hera* turned the tables on *Vaquero III.*, and *Momo* (H. M. Crane) beat *Shark* in the special 20-foot class. *Syce* was the only representative of a class larger than the 36-footers at the American regatta, and she had a sail-over. Nevertheless, it was quite the most interesting regatta of the season; the well-filled smaller classes, from the 15 to the 36 footers, providing first-class racing.

AROUND BOSTON THOSE THOROUGHLY sport-giving Knockabouts have been providing some exciting racing, with several new claimants for the honors won by *Cock Robin* (C. H. W. Foster) last year; *Gosling* (North and Clark), *Mongoose* (A. D. Irving, Jr.), *Hazard* (H. M. Sears), *Cockatoo* (C. S. Eaton), and *Sally* (L. F. Percival, Jr.) being among them. *Cock Robin* held her own in the first meetings, but in the Burgess Club regatta recently *Gosling* got the start of the fleet and won easily. Boston knows more about small-boat sailing than New York, gets more sport out of it, and develops more sailor-men because of it.

One of the best products of the season is the Yale Corinthian Yacht Club, which has devoted itself to 15-footers, and shown some most creditable boat-sailing. Of the club's fleet, *Lono* has made the best record, with *Yehl*, *Geisha*, *Linaloo*, and *Brenda* following in order.

These college yacht clubs should have encouragement. So should the undergraduate yachtsmen. The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club has shown a most commendable example in this particular by very materially reducing for minors their initiation membership fee.

The club which encourages and attracts these young yachtsmen is wise in its generation.

MUCH SIGNIFICANCE ATTACHES to some of the results of the past month of golf, and to none more than those indicating the increasing good work of the younger class.

FENN'S MATCH WITH THE BOGIE MAN was the feature of the Knollwood tournament, among the first of the important summer fixtures, and although he failed to equal the record (70) of his intangible antagonist, the Southern expert did indeed supplant Mr. Herbert Harriman's figures (82) by doing the eighteen holes in 77 (42 out and 35 in), and thus giving Knollwood a new amateur mark.

Mr. Fenn seems to more surely approach his golfing possibilities against bogie than when meeting more material if less expert opponents. He was beaten earlier in the season at Lakewood by Tyng, and subsequently, on the Knollwood course, defeated by Toler, 5 up and 4 to play, in a thirty-six-hole match, Toler's winning score being 174. Fenn's total for the Knollwood thirty-six holes, when bogie opposed him, was 163. Against bogie Fenn did 77 for the course, against Van Etten, 90, and against Larocque, 84. He has a style somewhat after the "get-there" pattern which Tyng finds so serviceable, and is capable on occasions of playing really fine golf, but these occasions occur less frequently in match play.

After his play against the bogie score Fenn successively defeated Van Etten (90–94) and Larocque (84–90), the notable work in each match being done by his opponents, both of whom excelled expectations. Larocque lost his ball on the seventeenth hole, or the issue would have been much closer.

THERE WAS ABUNDANT EXCITING PLAY in the tournament, a large share being provided by the Harriman-Menzies match, which the former, by exceeding good golf, won by 1 up, at 85. They were even at the seventeenth hole, but Harriman won the last hole in 3 by a long and very clever putt. Mr. Menzies appears to be another player whose strokes are surer against bogie. Further excitement was created in the semi-final rounds by Messrs. Bowers, Reynal, Larocque, and Armstrong tying at 89, Larocque making the best single round in 38. Bowers won out of these four, but lost the White House Cup to Fenn, who beat him (85–94).

For the Knollwood Cup W. J. Travis, who the week before had won the Hempstead Handicap Cup at Meadow Brook, after twice tying with J. C. Rennard, upset all calculations, and carried off the trophy despite the formidable entry-list. Travis did 167 gross—161 net. Both Toler and Fenn failed to get even a place, the latter doing so badly as 179, and the former, 177. Larocque did 192; Lynch, 194; and Reynal, 200—gross. The surprise of the event was the poor cards of those men who but a few days before had shown such excellent form.

The Knollwood course is much better than last year. Some new hazards have been added, the old tenth and eleventh holes merged into one, and the home hole lengthened by 200 yards, so that the playing length of the eighteen holes is now 4615 yards.

Dyker Meadow has also added three holes, giving nine, and a total playing distance of 2900 yards. But the greatest enlargement is at Ardsley, where nine new and very sporty holes have been added, giving this beautiful course now the regulation eighteen.

THE NEXT GOLFING SENSATION was supplied by the Baltusrol Club tournament, in which F. S. Douglas, a Scotch player from St. Andrews, but now representing Fairfield, was beaten by four disciples of the American game, viz.: Toler (81), Bowers (82), Fenn (83), and Tyng (85); Douglas's score was 86, just beating Armstrong, who had 89 to his credit. Travis continued in the good form revealed at Meadow Brook and Knollwood, and went the course in 92, beating Larocque (93), Lynch (94), and the inter-collegiate champion Bayard (94). Chauncey, who had been so successful at Dyker Meadow, was far down the list—in twenty-seventh place, in fact,—with a card of 109. This was all in the first round. In the second, Bowers beat Armstrong, Larocque beat Toler, Tyng succumbed to Bayard, Vanderpool defeated Fenn; and at the close of the day's play Toler, Fenn, Tyng, and Armstrong were out of the reckoning, and there were surviving only Bowers and Bayard to dispute ownership of the Governor's Cup. Bayard won after an exciting match (88–89). On the same day and course Toler and Fenn played off a second private match, and Toler won again by 79–81, establishing a new record for the links. Subsequently they played two more eighteen-hole matches at Baltusrol, Fenn winning one (80–81), and Toler the other (82–83).

BALTUSROL CLOSED ITS TOURNAMENT by an open handicap, which attracted a large entry list. Tyng won with a score of 85 gross, Toler taking second with 87, again beating Fenn, who was third with 88. T. H. Powers-Farr, who is one of Essex County's promising players, and the record-holder of his home course at 80, was fourth with a gross score of 93 and net card of 89. Bowers and Travis fell off in their work, doing respectively 93 and 95 gross. Armstrong also did 93 gross, and got eleventh place. Lawn-tennis was represented by W. A. Larned and H. W. Slocum, the former doing 110 and the latter 115 gross.

Tyng was not so fortunate a week later on his home course, Morris County, for he was defeated (93–95) for the Twombly Cup and the club championship by the young Princeton player W. D. Vanderpool. Tyng had won the cup two successive seasons, and success this year would have brought him its ownership. Vanderpool's form is very much better than Tyng's, and it is quite probable that as these young college players develop they will surpass a number of the older men, who have been fairly successful despite their several peculiar and individual styles.

THE STOCK-EXCHANGE HANDICAP, played over the Knollwood course, was notable chiefly as a means to the end of showing that W. S. Edey's work in the Knollwood May handicap presaged consistent progression. In the May handicap he had done the eighteen holes in 90, which for him was sufficiently good to create mild surprise among those that gave any heed to his play. In the Stock-Exchange handicap he did 89 gross, his allowance giving him the winning score of 82. For the rest the tournament was not notable, and the play of some of the members of the first class was mediocre. Neither Toler nor C. B. Macdonald played good golf, doing 91 and 92 respectively. D. Chauncey did 97, and the scores generally were rather poor.

At Ardsley the return from Cannes of W. H. Sands and play for the Gould cup were simultaneously celebrated. But Mr. Sands was not among the joyful. The final match for the cup had been delayed that he might be of the participants, but neither Old World coaching nor the invigorating influences of the homeward voyage availed, and he finished last on the list, doing 93. William Chrystie won the cup with a net score of 80, his handicap being 16. On the same day Sands finished third in the Class A handicap, doing 86, and losing to H. H. Curtis, whose allowance of 5 gave him a net of 81.

Ardsley has a membership of young men, whose golfing enthusiasm and persistent practice are beginning to be apparent in their general tournament work.

THE SEABRIGHT TOURNAMENT, the first week of this month, served to exploit another English golfer, W. G. Stewart, who had been previously heralded as the "best player now in America." Incidentally it also served to provide convincing evidence of the consistent and constantly improving form of S. D. Bowers, to whom we have already alluded as a promising player. The tournament extended over three days, and each day developed a surprise. Of the sixteen who qualified on the first day, Bowers and Larocque led with scores of 80 each; John Reed, Jr., had 82; Stewart, 83. Tyng, and Vanderpool, his Morristown conqueror, each had 88. H. H. Curtis (Ardsley), Toler and Butler Ames, of Lowell, had 89 each. D. Chauncey (91) and Travis (94) were down among the consolation cup eligibles, among whom 91 was the leading score, shared with Chauncey by Kneeland, Albaugh, and Duncan Edwards. The second was a day of triumph for Bowers, who, having beaten Toler 2 up, laid low Stewart, the visiting Englishman of high golfing degree, by 1 up. Stewart earlier in the day had, in beating Gray, made a record of 76 for the Seabright course, but on the same day this record was equalled by both Toler and Bowers in their match.

Tyng meantime having easily beaten his opponents, these two were left for the finals, which Tyng won (81 to 85) by very steady and at times excellent golf. Neither equalled his score of the opening day, and Bowers seemed quite off his stroke.

Bowers did better in playing his first-day tie with Larocque, winning by 78 to 89. Tyng, besides winning the Seabright cup, captured the gold medal for the best gross score in the handicap which concluded the three days' tournament. He handed in a card of 77, the second best being John Reed, Jr., 78; L. E. Larocque, Jr., third, with 80; and D. Chauncey, who wrested consolation from Edwards by winning that cup, handed in the next best score, of 81.

THE IMMEDIATE PAST WEEKS in golf have been interesting largely because of the team matches. Some very good scores have been returned and several upsets recorded. Along the line of younger-player development, the record of S. D. Bowers, as one of the Otsego team in the Country Club of Rochester tournament, was most notable. Bowers did the course in 88, establishing a new amateur record, and Jasper Lynch did 89, also better than the old record. H. R. Sweny, one of the Albany team, did 92. These figures, and those at Seabright and Knollwood, should be borne in mind when the time comes, later, for considering the important tournaments.

The Rochester Country Club's tournament was given to exploit the Central New York Golf League's silver cup, and the success of the home club (Rochester) was surprising because of its comparatively recent conversion to the game. Nevertheless Rochester beat Otsego, 44–41, the latter team having the services of two such experts as Bowers and Lynch, who won their matches, but every other member of the team lost. Rochester played steadily and luckily. Albany was beaten by Otsego.

The Montclair Club also provided a surprise by its defeat of the Dyker Meadow team, 17–7; not the least startling feature of which was Daniel Chauncey's actual rout by A. Schroeder (98 to 106).

Schroeder is one of the improving players, springing up like mushrooms all around us, to jeopard the golfing equipoise of those familiar figures in the country-club landscape, whom dignity and the guardianship of a record have unduly weighted.

To beat Englewood, Fairfield County did not require the services of its recently acquired Scotch member, Findlay Douglas. Of the Englewood team only H. W. Banks, the old Columbia College quarter-miler if I mistake not, won his match, the final record being Fairfield 18 to Englewood 1.

Yet another surprise was that visited upon the Country Club of Westchester through its defeat by Baltusrol, 14–3. The Westchester team—W. H. Sands, H. M., J. B., and J. Harriman, and W. Kent—was before the match accorded the victory by the common consent of their fellow-clubmen, which argues that few of those clubmen were familiar with the play of H. P. Toler, L. P. Bayard, Jr., H. Leavitt, W. Fellowes Morgan, and B. Hardwick, who made up the Baltusrol team. Kent was the only Westchester man to win his match.

CORNELL WILL NOT, I TRUST, be led into any claptrap advertising scheme of the "yellow journalism" in all this pother buzzing around our ears about international rowing. All the sporting world would like to see a race between a Cornell crew rowing the stroke pulled this year and an Oxford or Cambridge crew showing its usual form. But of course an English 'varsity or even college crew would not come to America. Only "yellow" lunacy would suggest it. We are the ones who are keen on a race, not the Englishmen. On the other hand, Cornell, as representative of America, has more than university traditions to maintain. She would be unwise to arrange a race for a distance less than four miles, or with any other crew than the Oxford or Cambridge 'varsity.

Nothing absolutely decisive in this absorbing question of strokes would be gained by a race with Leander or any other crew at Henley. We want no more sprinting races until an American 'varsity crew has been given a match at four miles. And we want no more racing of American undergraduates against English graduates of several years' standing, until two undergraduate 'varsity crews have decided the question of better stroke and crew over the course from Putney to Mortlake.

To arrange for such a race would mean sacrifices on the part of Cornell, for it must be rowed so early as April perhaps; but if it could be arranged, it would be the greatest aquatic event in the world's sporting history. If Cornell desires a meeting, the only course is to address a letter to each of the presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge boat clubs, signifying an intention of challenging the winning eight of the 'varsity race next spring. If an arrangement were made, it would necessitate Cornell's doing all her preparatory work in England, and that would mean two or three months and require a good bit of money. It hardly seems possible Cornell could afford this time. Perhaps the winning English 'varsity might be persuaded to come together again for a match race in June; but I doubt it. At any rate, this last idea is worth pursuing.

IT MAY BE THAT HARD LUCK has been a somewhat influential element in the English matches of the All-Philadelphia cricket eleven, but the element most responsible for the at times decidedly mediocre showing seems to have been poor play.

"Hard luck" and the "uncertainties" of the game have been dragged forth so frequently by the Philadelphia cricketer past and present, in extenuation of unexpectedly indifferent performance, that the balm appears to have entirely lost its consolatory virtue. No one expected the Philadelphia eleven at present in England to win all of its matches; those thoroughly informed of the calibre of the teams to be met would consider Philadelphia doing magnificently if it won a majority of the games scheduled. To win about half the matches would be to make a fairly good showing. But of eleven matches played thus far, Philadelphia has won two.

The records of the different matches make it perfectly obvious that half the men of the eleven have been doing all the work, and several of the team playing poorly with disastrous consistency. And it is too bad indeed that the team could not give a better exhibition of its capabilities, for collectively and individually it is one of the strongest Philadelphia has sent forth. Once or twice during its present tour the eleven has equalled its best form. Philadelphia cricket elevens, as a rule, appear to have been unsteady and undependable in match play with foreigners, whether abroad or at home. The present team seems to be no exception.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE GENUINE

COSMO
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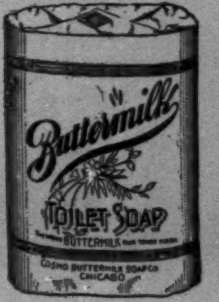

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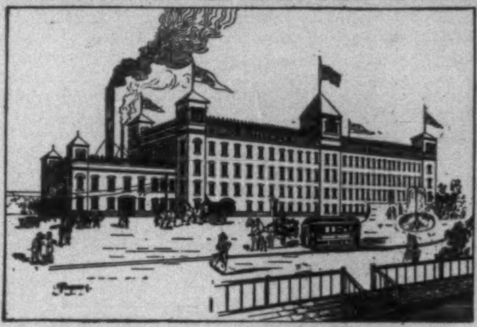

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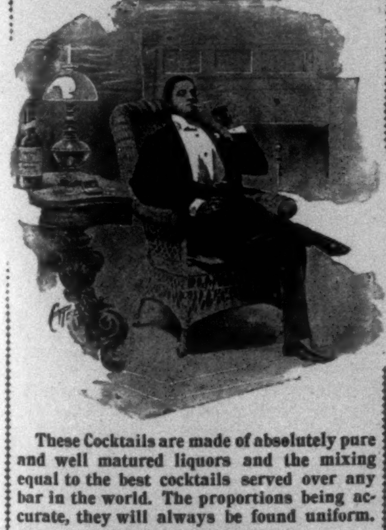

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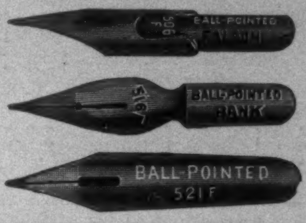

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Legal Notices

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of June, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets and avenues in the

12th WARD: 178th STREET, between Amsterdam Avenue and Kingsbridge Road.

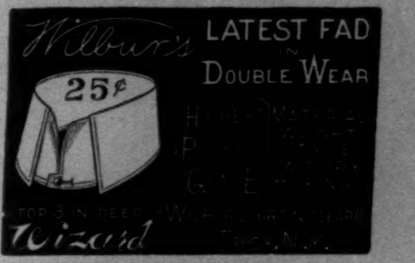
23d WARD: SPENCER PLACE, from East 144th St., to East 150 St.

23d and 24th WARDS: STEBBINS AVENUE, from Dawson St. to Boston Road.

24th WARD: OAKLEY STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to Verio Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, June 30, 1897.

NOTICE: Estimates for furnishing sawed yellow-pine timber under contract No. 596 will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 12 o'clock noon, July 23rd, 1897. For particulars, see *City Record*. Copies for sale at No. 2 City Hall.



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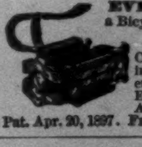

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